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He pointed to a splendid rainbow arching the heavens.

May Castleton's Mission. Frontispiece. See p. 196.

MAY CASTLETON'S MISSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"ROSE DELANEY'S SECRET," "EDITH'S MINISTRY,"
"FLORENCE CLIFTON," &c., &c.

[Harriet Beecher]

"CHARITY SUFFERETH LONG AND IS KIND."

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MAY CASTLETON'S MISSION.

CHAPTER I.

DREAMS.

It is Sabbath evening, calm and still. A heavenly glow spreads over the lovely landscape; the sun is dropping his last rosy rays behind the distant hills; the cattle are lowing softly as they are seen quietly returning home; the birds are singing their twilight melodies among the trees.

A fine old family mansion, with its piazza stretching all around the house, forms a striking feature of this pretty picture. Situated in the midst of a

noble park, it is delightfully shaded from the summer sun.

There are many rustic seats scattered about under the leafy trees, and upon one of these is seated a young girl in the first blush of dawning womanhood. She is thinking deeply; a book lies on her lap, and her hands are folded listlessly over the volume.

On this sweet Sabbath day, an important era had just dawned upon May Castleton's life. Seventeen years of childhood and youth have already passed, and amid the hallowed associations of the village church, she had that day taken upon her fresh young soul the obligations of the Christian covenant. It was to her peculiarly a solemn and eventful act, for May would be the only professed disciple

of the Lord Jesus beneath her father's roof.

She thought much and deeply over the impressive scenes in the house of God. "Thine forever" was the spirit of that open consecration, and May Castleton felt what need there was of divine grace to guide her in the path that she had chosen.

Her cousin, Ellen Hazleton, had partaken in the solemn acts of the morning, but although faithfully instructed, the levity of her natural character awakened many fears in the hearts of friends anxious regarding her Christian character. She dearly loved her cousin May, was an impressible character, and sympathy with other young friends had much to do with the public profession of the morning.

Ellen's brother Henry had regarded the scene with feelings of uneasiness, for well he knew the earnest character of May Castleton, and regarded this open profession as a declaration that henceforth their paths must lie in spirit far apart.

If he could only hope that May would be an accommodating Christian, like some that he could name among his acquaintances in New York, he should not feel so much repugnance; but for this, he had no hope, and he felt the risings of an unrenewed will against the sacrifice.

There will be many trials in the journey of the young Christian, for she will be all alone, as a disciple of the Lord Jesus, in the domestic circle. May is thinking of all this, as in a

deeply serious mood, she recalls the acts of the morning.

The memory of her mother returns with all her heavenly teaching, on this quiet evening. She has been a saint in glory for four years; but May remembers the twilight hours, the walks together to the house of God, the meek and lowly example of that dear parent, the lingering months of sickness, the patient suffering, the blessed hopes and triumphs of the dying hour, and she recalls with reverential love, the last charge of that beloved mother. The first glow of discipleship is fresh within the young heart, and she is planning for the future; but May has much to learn, and much to conquer; and like many other young servants of God, must learn by mistakes made in the heat of youthful

zeal. She raises her eyes for a moment, and turning her head towards the gate of the avenue, the form of a young girl is seen advancing. It is Ellen Hazleton, a cousin of about her own age, who resides near "the Elms," for this is the name of the Castleton homestead.

"I am glad to see you, Ellen," said the young girl; "come, sit down, I want to talk with you."

"What are you reading, May?" inquired the young lady.

"The 'Young Disciple,' was the answer, "but it is very discouraging, for I am afraid that I shall never be like Anzonetta Peters."

"I should be very sorry if you should be such a sad mournful Christian as she was, dear May."

"But you forget, Ellen, that it was

not her religion that made her sad; it was her affliction; her piety was a source of the purest happiness."

"Well, May, if she had been in good health, she would have been one of those heavenly beings who are too good for earth. For my part, I don't believe that religion requires us to give up all the pleasures of the world; if I had thought so, I would never have joined the church."

"But, Ellen, let us think for one moment what we have covenanted to-day; words must have some meaning; our obligations are very solemn; we have promised, dear cousin, to be the Lord's, and are therefore bound to renounce whatever interferes with such a service."

"Why, May, very few people seem to take such a serious view of it as

you do. When I was in New York last year, I used to see church-members at the opera, and the theatre, and in the ball-room, just doing as other people.

"Yes, Ellen, I know all that, but I am still convinced that to be a happy Christian, the whole heart must be given to the Saviour; if not, it will be a very miserable service."

"I am afraid, May, that you are going to be a real little Methodist. I don't believe that Uncle Castleton will consent that his lovely daughter should immure herself so wholly from the world."

"I cannot be contented, Ellen, just to live as so many Christians do. Last week I was reading about Esther Wingate, who has so lately gone out

as a Missionary to China. What would I give to be a Missionary!"

"What do you think of her marriage, May? I was told that she only knew Mr. Taylor one week."

"Is that really so, Ellen? that does indeed seem like a matter of business; but really I do believe that I have some talents, and we are told not to bury them under a bushel; I must do something for the Lord, Ellen."

"There comes brother Henry," said Ellen, and a youth of twenty appeared upon the avenue.

"Well, coz," said the young man, "I suppose that you are really separated from all your old companions now; I tell you that I did not feel very highly pleased when I saw you before the church to-day."

"Why so, Henry? You certainly

do not think that I shall love my dear cousins any the less, because I have promised to love and serve my Saviour more."

"Not exactly that, May, but I know something of your earnest nature, and I am pretty sure that if what you are pleased to call duty interferes, I shall miss many of our pleasant rambles and delightful horse-back rides."

"Would you like to know one of my wishes to-day, Henry?" said the young girl, turning her sweet face upon her cousin.

"Certainly, May, if it concerns your humble servant."

"I wished, oh! how earnestly, that you were among the number of those who presented themselves to-day."

"You did, coz? I thank you for your kind wishes; but I must taste a

Henry sat rapping his cane impatiently on his boots.

May Castleton's Mission. P. 15.

little more of the good and beautiful world, before I consent to become such a devotee as you would approve."

"I shall remember you in my prayers, cousin."

"What is this that you have here?" he said, taking up her book. "You are too serious, May, you will lose all your charming spirits, if you become such an enthusiast."

Tears sprang into the dark eyes, as she felt how little sympathy there was now between herself and the cousin who had always been dear to her as her own brother.

Henry sat awhile with his head bowed, and rapping his cane impatiently upon his boots.

"It is too bad, May; I had hoped that when we should visit New York

next winter, I should have your company in many a gay party; now, I suppose that I must go alone to opera, ball, and theatre, for May is no more one of us."

"There is something Henry, so much better. I felt it so deeply this morning when we sang that sweet hymn," and she repeated the lines,

> "O, happy day! that stays my choice
> On thee, my Saviour and my God;
> Well may this glowing heart rejoice
> And tell thy goodness all abroad."

By this time, the shadows of evening warned them to return to the house.

"Where have you been so long, sister?" said little Flora.

"I have been out under the trees with my book, until Henry and Ellen joined me."

"I have wanted you so much, for I am so lonesome when you are away, papa has been up stairs so long, and brother Edward is out riding still."

"Why did you not get a book, Flora?" said the sister, "that would amuse you."

"I get tired of books, May, I want some one to tell me nice stories with their own words."

Henry looked towards May, and wondered if this ministry were not a part of her mission; perhaps she may find it so, if she really desires to serve her Master.

May Castleton was really a very lovely girl, with a warm impulsive heart, anxious to know her duty that she might glorify her Master; but like many young disciples, in looking *out* upon the world as her field of

labor, she had forgotten her invalid father, a brother younger than herself, and little Flora, a sister about ten years of age, whom she might bless if looking *in* upon her own household.

CHAPTER II.

MISTAKES.

It is the close of a very busy day, for May has been out all the morning among her Sunday School class visiting them, and leaving a tract at each humble cottage; but there are some strangely dissatisfied feelings in her young heart as she stands at the parlor window looking out in an abstracted manner upon the landscape.

"What are you dreaming about, May?" asked her father.

She started from her reverie, and replied, "Many things, dear papa, I can scarcely tell what."

"I wish, May, that you would stop dreaming, and commence acting like a really sensible, useful girl."

"I am trying to be useful, papa; all the morning I have been out among my Sunday School children, but they are so idle and vicious, that I don't think I am doing them any good."

"I would not give a fig for all your religion, May; it is all cant and hypocrisy. I heard you tell your little sister to go out and play with the coachman's little boy; and while you are rambling all around the neighborhood in search of a mission, there was poor little Flo tearing around the wood-pile, and in the stable-yard, learning all kinds of improper language from this rude boy."

May dropped her head, for this was all true, and it darted through her

mind as a ray of light shot by a keen arrow.

"Have you practiced any to-day?" continued the father in an impatient tone of voice.

"I have had no time, papa; I was home, I was very tired, beside my morning reading had to be attended to in the afternoon."

"I tell you, May, I will have no more of this nonsense; I have gone to the expense of a fine instrument, and the best teachers; I have spent hundreds upon your music, and I expect you to cultivate your talent for my amusement."

May was deeply mortified by her father's reproofs, and the more so, as she felt that they were not wholly undeserved.

Assembled at the tea-table, Mr. Castleton's anger was again aroused by Flora's appearance; her face and hands were unwashed, her hair disheveled, and her dress in a most untidy condition, her shoe-strings untied, and the little maid altogether most unfit to sit down at her father's table.

"May, just look at your sister; I wonder that you are not ashamed of yourself; she is not fit to sit down in a decent kitchen. Send her out of the room directly;" and poor little Flora was sent off in disgrace to the chambermaid.

"I wish that you would attend to my shirts, sister," said Edward; "when I went to my bureau to-day, not one had buttons on the wristbands, and I had to pin them to keep them closed."

"Do you ever think, May, how many

you have to step over to get after your poor children? I should think a great deal more of your piety, if I could see it make you more faithful at home. Your mother was one of the best Christians that I ever knew, but she never neglected any of her home duties."

May was sorely mortified. A most uncomfortable meal was eaten that night, for the poor girl felt that these reproaches were all deserved; tears mingled with her food, and she was truly glad when they arose from the table.

Taking an early opportunity, May watched when her father was alone.

"Forgive me, dear papa," said the young girl; "I have not thought enough about my home duties; but, by God's help, I will try to do better.

I lost my mother very young, and I miss my kind and faithful teacher."

This always touched a tender point in Mr. Castleton's heart, and he replied, "I know all about that, May, for there were not many like your mother; it was a great loss to a little girl."

"Shall I play for you, papa?" said his daughter, and opening the piano, she entertained him for an hour most patiently.

His good-humor was quite restored, and when he retired, a kiss of reconciliation comforted poor May.

Going to her room an hour's careful self-communing shed floods of light upon the young Christian's path, and revealed the numerous mistakes which in her over-zealousness she had been led to commit. Carefully placed away

among her treasures, was her mother's journal.

May had often read its pages, and this evening especially, she felt the need of such guidance. What a record of sweet household cares where all were remembered! Her husband's comforts, her children's wants, her servants' welfare, the numberless instances of attention to all those little things which serve to make a quiet, happy home.

The daily communion of her heart with her Saviour was here recorded, and May understood fully how all her wisdom, and strength, and love, were learned at the Master's blessed feet. There was nothing too small for this faithful wife and mother, and May saw how she had gained such influence over all her household. We will give

one extract which drew tears from her daughter's eyes.

"It has been a trying day, but I have been able to cast all my cares upon the Lord, and he has strengthened me. Dear husband was very impatient to-day, but he was suffering from the gout. I tried to bear with him, gave up an invitation to sister Mary's, and stayed at home to cheer him.

"I sang some of his favorite songs, and was rewarded by such a loving kiss, as he murmured, 'Bless you, my patient wife! how shall I ever repay you for all your kindness?' I felt very happy, because I had done my duty; God blessed me in denying self and seeking to do good."

Another extract.

"My Christian patience was put to

the utmost trial to-day; nothing that I did could please my husband—he was so harsh, so unkind, that my heart was almost broken; but I was comforted by the thought of my Saviour's trials.

"Spent such a happy hour in communion with my Saviour; bore my dear children on my heart before God.

"I see much to cheer me in my darling May—many marks of the Spirit's blessed teaching. May she be led into the Saviour's precious fold. If I am taken, and I have many warnings, may she be spared to bless her father. Perhaps, some day she may read these records; if so, may she heed her mother's counsels.

"Remember, my darling child, that home is a woman's province. In its

sweet sanctity, every word you utter, every act you perform, may either leave a blessing or a curse. Be contented, my child, out of the sight of the busy bustling world to exercise your loving ministry—seek not great, but holy, heavenly things. Do not be impatient, my daughter, with your father, he suffers from severe attacks of sickness, and his disease is a most trying one.

"Be very particular about little things—see that his room is always provided with everything that he needs. I always make it my care that he shall not have to ask for anything, it irritates and worries him. Do not reply when he is impatient; be very tender towards your father, tender as I was, darling. Do not neglect your brother; do not let him miss his

mother; attend to his clothes, his books, his home-comforts, even his amusements, May. Be watchful of little Flora; see that she always appears in a neat and becoming manner before her father; be careful to train her in all those little proprieties which he values so highly.

"It is a serious thing to be an elder sister. Your character, dear May, will have a powerful influence at home. I hope that you will often read these records; do not forget your mother, May; prepare to follow me to that blessed world where I am waiting for my loved ones. I hope to meet you all, for God has promised to answer prayer; and in the day when Jesus gathers home his own, I hope to be reunited to all whom I have loved on earth."

May read these words with a deeply touched and tender spirit. New thoughts were stirring in the young heart which will bear much fruit.

CHAPTER III.

THINKING AND ACTING.

MAY fell asleep thinking over the contents of her mother's journal. She recalled the sweet pale face, the serene and holy temper; and in dreams the mother's image visited her daughter.

By early dawn, she was astir—her mother's picture being opposite her bed, the tender, thoughtful eyes seemed to follow her with unusual power, and she could almost imagine the voice from those dear lips calling to her daughter from out the frame, "What are your plans to-day, my darling? have you formed any resolutions?

will you listen to the still, small voice?"

Rising early, May seated herself by her little table, with her open Bible.

"What wilt thou have me to do?" was really the language of the young heart as she turned over its sacred pages.

Carefully she sought out every passage that referred to the duty of a child or sister, and with a deeply humbled spirit prayed that these holy precepts might be written with a diamond pen upon her heart, and shine forth in her daily life.

Flora slept in the room with her sister, and as soon as May was ready, a cheerful voice was rousing the sleeper.

"Come, Flo, don't you hear the birds singing their merry songs?"

and May stooped over her little sister, and kissed her affectionately.

"Please don't, sister, I am so sleepy," said the little girl.

"You must rouse up dear, for papa wants to see us both at the table in time; we are going to turn over a new leaf, Flo, so let us begin at once."

Sitting up in bed, she commenced rubbing her eyes, and in a few minutes was out of bed, cheerfully making her toilet.

Sister May was very kind in helping the child, and dressed in her pretty pink chintz, and neatly ruffled white apron, with her cheeks so rosy, and her lovely brown hair so neatly curled by sister May, she really was a darling little sister, and smiled most lovingly when receiving May's warm kiss.

"How nice this is, sister!" said the

child, "if you will only do this every day, I shall always be ready, and papa will not have to scold any more about my untidy dress and late hours."

"This is one of the new leaves we are turning over, Flo," was the answer, and taking the child's hand, they proceeded to the breakfast-room.

Papa was not quite ready, and Flora ran out to the garden to gather a sweet bouquet to place beside his plate. Mr. Castleton was just entering the room, as Flora stepped in from the window opening down to the floor.

"Here papa, is your favorite flower," and she handed some fragrant hyacinths.

"This is pleasant, indeed," said the father, as he looked upon his two daughters so fresh and smiling.

"This is your work, May, is it not?" asked Mr. Castleton.

"Yes, papa, I have been thinking, oh! so much, since yesterday, and now I am ready to act; I don't think that you will have to complain of your daughter soon again."

After breakfast, May called her little sister to her room, and examined her progress in her daily studies—she was terribly mortified at the child's ignorance of the common things, which every one of her age should be well acquainted with. Flora attended a school in the neighborhood, for small children, but hitherto, had been allowed to go and come without any home supervision whatever.

"What does Miss Maria say about your lessons, Flora?" asked her sister.

The child hung her head.

"She says that I am very idle; even little Bessie Gray, who is only seven years old, knows more than I do."

"There must be another new leaf," continued the sister; "bring your books to me every day, Flora, and I will see that Miss Maria is annoyed no more in this way."

The new ways excited no little friction, for it was not a very easy task to overcome the idle habits of careless little Flo; but perseverance accomplishes wonders, so the child found much to her satisfaction, when Miss Maria praised her well-recited lessons.

Soon after breakfast, May bent her steps to the house-keeper's room.

"Good morning, Mrs. Lisle," said the young lady, as she seated herself on the dark, chintz-covered sofa.

"I am glad to see you, my dear; it

has been a long time since you have paid me a visit."

"That is all true, Mrs. Lisle, but I have come to-day to talk about mamma. You know that I was seventeen last week, and I think that it is time that I should try to follow dear mamma's ways—she was such a good house-keeper, won't you tell me something of her plans?"

The good woman looked up surprised, for it was such a rare thing to see May at all interested in these matters.

"It would be a blessed thing if you should ever be like that sweet saint, Miss May."

"How did she regulate affairs? Won't you tell me some of her rules, Mrs. Lisle?"

"She was a very early riser, my

dear; her first hour was always spent at her devotions; after breakfast, she arranged the affairs of the day—she had a particular day for everything; she never allowed any clothing to go into the wash, without first being mended. It was her custom to arrange her husband and children's bureau drawers, keeping everything in perfect order. In the spring and fall, she examined the whole family wardrobe; whatever was too much worn for repairing, was put aside, for some families who depended upon the 'Elms' almost entirely for their clothing."

"She must have been very busy, Mrs. Lisle," replied May, with a thoughtful face.

"Yes, my dear, she wasted no time, but she was so systematic and orderly,

that she was always ready to receive your father, and generally rode out with him before tea—then she had a day when her poor families came to receive their allowance of groceries or clothing, and though so much was done, it was all in such a quiet, gentle way, that one could scarcely believe how much she accomplished."

"I want to follow mamma's ways, Mrs. Lisle; I don't want to meddle with your affairs, but I am sure that I can do something to aid you; can't I be of some use in my father's house?"

"You could take charge of your father's, brother's, and sister's clothes, I think; could wash the breakfast things, look after the silver, learn the art of preserving and pickling, and see especially that Mr. Castleton's own

room is in perfect order—your mamma was so particular about that. I am sure, Miss May, that it would please your father so much."

"Thank you, Mrs. Lisle," said May, and taking up her mamma's little basket, she furnished herself with the needful keys, and commenced at once her new vocation.

Next morning, papa watched his daughter with an earnest look, as placing her basket on the table, she took her seat at the waiter, and commenced the business of serving the family.

Papa could not take his eyes off his daughter, as clad in her neat white apron, she carefully washed the breakfast things, counted the silver, and set all away in the pantry—then locking the door, she deposited her bunch of keys in her basket, and was leaving

the room when her father called her.

"Come here, May. Do you know, my child, how much you remind me of your mother? This was her constant custom; it is a pleasant sight to see you at all like her."

"That is what I am trying to be, papa; Mrs. Lisle has told me all about her ways, and I am trying to follow her."

Mr. Castleton kissed his daughter.

"That is a good child; your mother was an angel, May, much too good for me."

Next, a visit to Flora's bureau caused no little mortification—stockings not darned, strings and buttons off in every direction; scarcely a garment was in perfect order, and the confusion was terrible.

Not a single drawer was as it should be. "Here is something to do," said May, as she looked about her almost in despair. Her brother's was not much better—papa's alone was in good order, for Mrs. Lisle had carefully attended to this department. Thought was very busy in May's brain, as she remembered how many days she had spent among the neighboring poor, while her own family were so sorely neglected.

But May had really set about the work of reformation. Furnishing herself with needles, cotton, and other working utensils, she piled a large basket with clothes, and proceeded to the house-keeper's room with her burden of work. Mrs. Lisle smiled at poor May's look of bewilderment, as she said,

"What is all this, my dear? you have enough work there for a week."

"It is not the half of what I have to do," replied May, with a discouraged look.

"Let me see," said the good woman, as she lifted up the garments. "Oh! it is not quite so bad—a button or two on one, a string on another, but these new collars on the shirts will be the most troublesome."

"I am determined, Mrs. Lisle, to do them all; I know that I shall have two weeks of really hard work, but it won't be so again. I'll take mamma's plan, and attend to the mending weekly."

Down she seated herself, and with a cheerful spirit commenced her work; all the morning she sewed industriously, but according to her promise.

she must find two hours daily for practice, and as soon as dinner was over, she seated herself at the piano.

She had not been long at the instrument, when she heard the sound of carriage wheels, which stopped at the door.

In a minute, the bright face of Cousin Henry appeared at the window; throwing up the sash, he entered.

"Come, May, we are going to have a splendid ride to the Falls; Ellen is out in the carriage. Get on your things in a hurry; we cannot wait a minute."

May's countenance fell.

"I cannot go, Henry. I have been so very busy all the morning, and I promised papa that I would practice two hours daily; if I go with you, I shall break my promise."

"Nonsense, May! Can't you make it up to morrow?"

"No, Cousin Henry; each day brings its duties. I shall not be so dreadfully hurried after a few weeks, but it is all my own fault just now. You must excuse me this time."

"I don't believe you want to go, May; it is just some of your miserable puritanical notions about your duty, that have got hold of you. You are not at all the girl that you used to be. Just come, May, only this once."

May's eyes filled with tears, for the close work of the morning had made her a little nervous, and she really did so want to go with her cousins; it was such a disappointment, and poor May leaned her head upon her hand, and sobbed outright.

"Forgive me, May, this time," said

her impetuous cousin, "you are the best little thing in all the wide world; but it is just your goodness that provokes me so, it is always in the way of some of our pleasures."

May smiled sweetly on her cousin as she replied, "The very first ride I take shall be with you; I'll do double work rather than disappoint you, Henry, but you must go this time without me."

"I shall not have one bit of pleasure, for I had set my heart on taking you with us to meet the Englishes, and staying to supper; a ride home by moonlight would have been so delightful. But good-bye, May, I'll forgive you this time."

And the carriage drove away with her lively cousins. We must excuse May if she shed some very natural

tears. But a few minutes' reflection satisfied her that she was right, and she felt very happy when, at the tea-table, she could tell her father how faithfully she had redeemed her promise.

Ere retiring that night, she took for her study the beautiful chapter* which contains those holy traits of Christian love, or "charity."

The first attracted her attention, and upon it she dwelt especially.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind."

Placing it by the side of kindred passages, it really seemed to breathe of heaven.

"Be ye kind one toward another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another."

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

* 1 Corinthians, xiii.

May saw its beauty, but she also saw the law of selfishness in her members warring against this holy, heavenly grace.

"How shall I ever learn such sweet forbearance?" whispered May.

"Come, learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart," and bowed at Jesus' feet, the young disciple prayed, oh! how earnestly, for the long-suffering tenderness of the loving Saviour.

Perhaps she did not realize how much of that holy temper had ruled her action throughout the day. She felt her short-comings, but Jesus saw the love that prompted the self-denial of the day.

Sweet was her rest that night, and blessed the awakening on the morning of another day.

CHAPTER IV.

PATIENCE TRIED.

Up betimes, the birds were not more joyful than May. Her Bible reading was refreshing, and her communion with her Saviour sweet and holy. With a spirit full of the love of her Master, and gushing out towards all his creatures, she prepared for her daily duties, and anxious to please papa especially, she hurried into the kitchen.

"Betty, will you let me make some chocolate this morning? Papa is so fond of it, and I think I can make it just to suit him."

"Certainly, Miss May, you're welcome at any time to come here, I'm always glad to see your bright face."

May set to work, and Betty watched the performance; when finished, the good-natured cook pronounced it just the thing, and May was very proud when she saw the little silver coffee-pot filled with smoking chocolate, and the delicate toast prepared by her own hands, carried into the breakfast room.

"God bless her dear heart!" said the old woman, "she's going to be just like her dear mother; so thoughtful for such a young thing. But I do get so mad at her cross father, when she is doing her very best, to get so few kind words."

"Yes, so do I," said the waiter-girl; "but she's always so good and patient. I never hear her say one im-

patient word back, though he is just like an old bear, when he's sick."

"She's a dear child, kind to everybody," was the answer of old Betty. "When I have the rheumatism she waits upon me just as if I was a lady."

May entered the breakfast room with a bright cheerful face, holding little Flora's hand. But clouds rested upon her father's face.

"Good morning, dear papa!" was the smiling salutation, "how are you to-day?"

"You need not ask, May; can't you see that I have not slept a wink the whole night?"

"I am very sorry; was your foot troublesome?"

"Troublesome! I have been tor-

mented all night, and to-day I am as cross as a bear."

Little Flora came round to give her morning kiss.

"This is something new," growled papa; "take care of my foot, child," and most ungraciously Mr. Castleton received the sweet caress.

A lump of lead sank down into May's heart. Tears would come as she seated herself at the table; but knowing her father's hatred of these exhibitions, she hastily wiped them away, and tried to smile as cheerfully as she could.

"Papa, I have something here that will please you, I know; it is very nice chocolate and toast, and I made it all myself," and May looked quite proudly upon the silver pot of smok-

ing chocolate, and the plate of delicate cream toast.

Mr. Castleton did not reply, but as soon as he tasted the beverage which was really well made, he pushed the cup hastily away, saying,

"It is as thick as mush, May; I can't drink such stuff—you know that I don't like it made so thick."

"Betty told me that it was just right, papa; I am so sorry that it does not please you, I tried so hard," and May, no longer able to control her feelings, burst into tears.

"What are you crying about?" impatiently asked her father. "Can't I say a word at my own table, but I must be annoyed by these babyish tears?"

"Excuse me, papa, I could not help it; I was so—so disappointed."

And the long-suffering, patient child hastily wiped away her tears, and tried to smile.

"I know, papa, that your foot must make you feel impatient, and I will try to do better another time."

After a most uncomfortable breakfast, May asked to see her father's foot; it was very much swollen and inflamed, and she ordered John to go at once for the doctor, but with orders not to tell her father that she had sent.

Going with him to the library, she arranged his easy-chair, placed his foot upon a soft cushion on another chair, and then seated herself to read the morning paper, a general custom when papa was not well.

And this was all done with such a sweet, loving manner, that conscience

did cause Mr. Castleton to soften the tones of his voice, when addressing her.

As she moved around the room so quietly, placing everything in order, her father's eyes followed her somewhat kindly, for every motion brought back the lost mother of the household; and he sighed heavily at the recollection.

The present attack was unusually severe, and all the patience of the young Christian was tried to the uttermost, but the remembrance of the morning smiles of her Redeemer cheered May Castleton; and though she could not be joyful, she was serene and patient.

Flora was a bright, little thing, very fond of her pet-lamb, and her dog Bijou; the latter was a true friend to

the child, and was always by her side. Many a merry gambol did the two have out upon the lawn, down the avenue, and under the green trees.

"Can't you stop that child, May?" said her father, "her laughing sets me crazy; she has been racing under my window with her dog, for at least one hour I am sure."

"I thought you liked to see us lively, papa," was the answer, "you know yesterday, you said, that I was such a mope."

"Yes, I know I did, for you wear such a long face, that it gives me the horrors; but I suppose that is the way of the saints."

"I'll try to be cheerful, papa, if I can, if only to please you.

"That is just the same as saying

that I am hard to please; I don't consider that a very respectful way to speak to your father."

The poor tortured girl was quiet, and hearing Flora's merry peals stepped out to stop the noise.

"Take your dog down the avenue, dear," said the sister; "it disturbs papa, and after a little while come in; it is nearly time for your lessons."

In the afternoon, her cousins came to pay a visit. Ellen was a lively, animated being, and had some very amusing incidents to relate to May. There was therefore a merry party in the parlor, and the peals of laughter reached Mr. Castleton's room. Ellen rattled off some lively music, and Henry joined in the mirth.

Presently the bell in the library was

hastily rung, and May hastened out to see what was the matter.

"Can't you stop that clatter, May? I was just trying to get a nap. The eternal noise of those rattle-brained things distracts me; I wish, if they can't be more quiet, that they would stay at home."

"I'll tell them, papa; but I don't think that they meant to disturb you; they are only thoughtless."

"I don't blame them, I blame you, May; you know how I have been suffering, and that I cannot bear a noise; you should have kept them quiet."

"Well, May! what's the matter?" said Henry, "is Uncle Bruno in the dumps to-day?"

"Don't speak so, Henry, of my father; he has had a very severe attack

of gout, and begs us to be quiet; he cannot bear a noise when he is sick."

"You must have a sweet time here, May, shut up with such a cross old bear; you have no recreation, nothing that young people ought to have."

"Hush, Henry," said May, as she playfully placed her hand upon his mouth. "God sends our trials, and if my father is sick, it is right that his daughter should be his nurse; it is God's will just now that I should be somewhat shut up, and if I am in the way of duty, I must be happy you know."

"You need not want to make me believe that you can be happy, deprived as you are of so many of the pleasures of the young, and compelled to wait upon a man who is satisfied with nothing."

"I admit that I am not always joyful, but I can be patient, long-suffering, peaceful, Henry; and that is one kind of happiness."

Henry turned an affectionate glance towards his young cousin as he said,

"May, you are just akin to the angels; I don't like it at all, for I am really afraid that you'll take wings some day, and leave us all behind."

"Don't be foolish, Henry. I am in no great danger, on that score; if you knew how impatient I feel sometimes —how rebellious and angry at heart when papa is unreasonable, you would not call me such silly names, I am sure."

"Now, do you know, May, that I am not going home this afternoon without taking you out to ride. I am not going to put up with those pale

cheeks and languid eyes. Just go get your hat and mantle at once."

"I can't, indeed, Henry; I can't leave papa."

"I'll settle that, May," and away dashed Henry into the library.

"Can't we take May with us, uncle, we will just take a short ride? she looks so pale, and I think it will do her good."

"She can go if she pleases, for I want to take a good nap, and if you'll take Flora, too, the house will be quiet."

"I am conqueror, May," said her cousin; "Flo must go too, for uncle fortunately wants a quiet house, so get your duds, both of you."

In a few minutes the party were off to the falls, their favorite ride, about five miles distant.

May loved the country, and a ride through the romantic region in the open carriage was a great treat.

Arrived at the falls, they rambled around among the rocks and hills, exploring every familiar spot, gathering wild flowers, and chatting pleasantly as young people delight to do, in the happy freedom of perfect confidence.

"Now, May, have we not had a pleasant time?" said Henry, as he helped her out of the carriage.

"Yes, indeed; I am much indebted to you for this delightful afternoon, but I must hurry in, and see papa."

"Good-bye, I shall come again and steal you off; I have brought back the roses already to your pale cheeks."

May hastened to her father's side; he had just awakened.

"Well! you've got back, child, I

hope that those young rattle-caps won't come in a hurry again: their noise was distracting."

"Would you not like to go into the parlor this evening, papa? you have been confined so long to the library," and May led her father quietly along to his accustomed place on the lounge.

"Shall I play for you, papa?" asked the daughter, and May commenced one of her most soothing airs.

"Play something more lively, child; that sounds like a funeral hymn," and May patiently complied, singing one of her most brilliant songs.

"Stop that, May, there's no soul in such music as that; give me something grand."

Again May changed her music.

"Does that please you, papa?" she asked, with one of her sweetest smiles.

"That is better; but I suppose I am not in tune myself, or else I would enjoy music more."

And so the day closed. May had been a long-suffering, dutiful, loving child all day, and she was a tranquil, happy Christian in her evening devotions, and during the long hours of the silent night.

CHAPTER V.

MAY'S COUSINS.

THE "Cedars" was the family residence of the Hazletons, not very far from the "Elms." The two younger members of the household had always been on the most intimate terms with their uncle's family, for the mothers of both were sisters. Harry, the elder, was about twenty years of age, a fine, noble-spirited youth, but very impetuous, thinking his cousin May above common mortals, rather better in fact than was desirable, and often indignant at the treatment she received at the hands of her father

Ellen, aged about eighteen, was a bright, pleasant girl, with that kind of agreeable prettiness which leaves no particular impression, good-humored, passably intelligent. She was like the majority of young persons, with no very marked character of either good or evil; she resembled her brother in one particular only, and that was in her warm attachment to her young cousin, May Castleton.

They both admired May, and were exceedingly proud of their relative, and with good reason, for May was really very lovely, with her dark hazel eyes, her rich brown hair, delicate, ever-changing complexion, and a mouth that fully expressed the sweet sensitiveness of her character. A light, airy form, and a voice remarkable for its melody and volume completed the

charms of the young girl; but not the least was her simplicity and evident unconsciousness of her attractions.

The visits of the cousins were frequent, and although sometimes coldly, and at others rudely received, they were not to be discouraged in their intimacy with dear May.

Uncle Castleton was once more able to take his customary exercise, and to attend as usual to the business of his farm, and very soon the Hazletons were again guests at the "Elms." This time, they came to spend the day. Mr. Castleton was annoyed because he had some writing that he had wished May to do for him, and now it must be postponed for these young "rattle-caps."

Horse-back rides in the morning, music in the afternoon, and teazing

raillery all day long, kept the house astir whenever Henry Hazleton was a visitor at the "Elms." Consequently, the temper of the master was in no very sweet tune, and May was constantly in fear of an outbreak.

"Where have you been?" said her father, as she was dismounting from her horse; "you have been riding too hard, May, your pony is covered with foam. If you abuse her so, she will be good for nothing."

"We have been to the falls, papa, I did not know that we had ridden so fast. It is a very hot day, but I would not hurt Fanny for the world."

"Tell Jim to take good care of her, and don't take her out again to-day."

While the young girls were up-stairs,

Mr. Castleton embraced the opportunity to lecture his nephew.

"How long do you expect, sir, to spend your time in idleness? All I hear of you is that you are either gunning, fishing, riding, or boating; I think it is time for a youth of twenty to be thinking of something else."

Henry fired up. "You have been misinformed, sir; this is a season of vacation, but I have regular hours for study daily. It is true, that I spend more time in recreation, but the last was a year of severe study. You may ask Professor Hunt what was my standing at college during the past year."

"I am glad to see your spirit, boy; but you seem such a frolicsome fellow, that I could scarcely believe that

you could ever tame your wild spirits down to severe application."

"I have a great deal of perseverance, Uncle Castleton, and what I undertake, I generally succeed in performing; I don't think that you will be ashamed of me when I reach the bar."

A very nice dinner was set before the young guests, and May looked smiling as she served out the dessert.

"Will you take some of my blanc-mange, papa?" said the young girl; "it is my first attempt, and so is the jelly, but Betty says that it is very good."

"It will pass in a crowd, May. I don't think much of it," and Henry's ire was aroused as he saw the big tears trembling in his cousin's eyes.

"It is capital, May," said the youth,

flashing an angry look at his uncle; I wish that Ellen could make some half as good; I think, uncle, that you might give May some credit for what she does."

"Boys like you had better mind their own business, sir; I can regulate my own family without your help."

"Don't speak so, Henry," said May, with an imploring look, "papa don't mean anything."

Henry tapped his boot angrily under the table, and bit his lips in his attempts to restrain his temper.

"Where is my wine, May?" asked her father, "I don't see any on the table."

"I told Hannah not to put it there, papa, for I heard Dr. Jones tell you the other day not to indulge in drinking wine after an attack of the gout."

Mr. Castleton flared up. "How dare you give such orders? I am capable of taking care of myself. If I choose to drink wine, I'll take as much as I please without the doctor's leave, or yours either, and let me tell you, miss, that you have a deal of impertinence to give such orders."

Poor May! she thought that she was doing right, and now what a terrible explosion!

"Excuse me, papa; it was well-meant at least; I saw how much you suffered, and I did not suppose that you would want any wine."

"Keep your opinions to yourself. When I give up my wine, I will give the orders myself; do you hear, May?"

"Yes, papa, I hear, and will try to attend to your commands;" and May's

eyes cast an imploring glance towards her father.

But he did not notice the look, and vouchsafed no answer.

"Brute!" murmured Henry, between his teeth, which, fortunately, none heard but May; for glancing towards her cousin, her look sealed his lips for the rest of the meal.

And thus the long-suffering patience of gentle May Castleton was daily perfected in the life of the young Christian.

She had prayed for the "charity which suffereth long and is kind," and the prayer was answered, while the school for its silent, powerful ministry was in the sanctuary of home.

It will not be in vain, for seeds of love bring forth "fruits of righteousness."

After tea, the cousins were walking in the piazza, while Edward and Flora were engaged in a romp down the avenue.

"How can you put up with uncle's unkindness, May?" inquired Henry.

"Is he not my father, Henry? and then you do not know how much he suffers from his disease; I have always been told that it makes people very irritable."

"Yes, I know all that, May. But he was not suffering to-day. I felt as if I must say something, and I really think, May, if you would show a little more spirit, it would keep him in better order."

"You forget, Henry, that I am a professed follower of the meek and lowly Saviour; I have studied his character, and I long to be just like

him. When I first thought myself a Christian, I made such sore mistakes; thinking that my mission was out of doors. I used to spend so much time among the Sunday-school children, and in the cottages of the poor, that I neglected my duties at home; it tried papa very much, and I resolved by God's help to do my duty in that station of life where he has been pleased to place me."

"Do you think it wrong to be a Sunday-school teacher, and a visitor of the poor, May?"

"No, indeed; I think it a great privilege and a sacred duty, but I do not believe that I should leave one duty unperformed at home, for the sake of out door benevolence."

"You are a good, sober, little Christian, May; but don't get angelic too

fast, if you do, you will glide away from us too soon, and seek your native skies."

"Nonsense! Henry, I am not in the least angelic; but I do admire that beautiful chapter in Corinthians, where it describes the loveliness of Christian charity, I study it almost daily."

"I am sure, May, that you have attained one of the heavenly graces; for if you are not long-suffering and kind, I do not know where to look for one who is."

"If there is anything about me like the Saviour, the credit is not mine, Henry—for I know that I am naturally like others, proud, selfish, and impatient; if I have any of his lovely temper, it is all by grace."

"If your patient love does not over-

come Uncle Castleton at last, I shall say he is no better than a brute, May."

"Don't, Henry, speak so of my father; I know that he loves me, and I am sure the day will come when he will show it more openly than he does now. I can wait."

"By the way, May, do you know that next Thursday is my birth-day? I shall then be twenty, and it is to be celebrated by an evening party; you must come of course."

"If I can, nothing would please me more; but papa's attacks are so uncertain, I cannot promise."

"He is not going to be sick, May. You must wear a white dress, and nothing but rose-buds in your hair; bring some of your music, too."

The cousins took an early departure,

and their last injunction as they drove off was, "Remember Thursday, May; keep your father well."

"Did you ever see a more lovely girl than May?" said Henry. "If ever there was a patient, loving, gentle Christian, she is one."

"That she is, Henry; but I sometimes think that she is rather too tame for this sinful world; everybody can impose upon her, she is so very patient and loving."

"Did you observe her answers to that brute of a father, at the table?" asked Ellen.

"Yes, indeed! I never saw anything more lovely than her conduct to her father. I felt as if I could knock him down. Mark my words Ellen, she will be a blessing to him yet."

"And Edward is very trying; he is so spoilt, so impatient of restraint, I often wonder how she puts up with his tantrums of temper."

"She is a real Christian, Ellen. In her, we see what real piety is; the counterfeits around us are what repel us; but such as hers must attract."

"Miss Warren regards her as one of the brightest specimens of piety in her Bible-class," was Ellen's reply; "but the good, simple girl has not the slightest idea that she is anything but the very humblest imitation of her Saviour."

CHAPTER VI.

HENRY'S BIRTH-DAY.

MAY is busy making preparations for the expected party. Papa is much better, even cheerful, and takes considerable interest in her dress.

"I think a pink silk, handsomely trimmed, would be becoming, daughter; you can easily send to New York, and have it made," said Mr. Castleton.

"I have decided upon a thin muslin, papa, with pink sash, and rosebuds in my hair," was the answer.

"Just as you please, my child; but a handsomer dress would seem to suit the daughter of Mr. Castleton better."

When all was ready, May arrayed herself in her simple costume, and stole into her father's room.

"That will do, May," was the somewhat sad remark that was made when he looked upon her; "just so your mother looked at your age."

Thursday arrived at length, and to poor May's disappointment, papa had passed a wretched night, and was too great a sufferer to permit her to think of leaving him alone; and with his disease, returned in full force his impatience and irritability.

"I am so sorry, papa, to see you so much worse," was the innocent remark of the young girl.

"I dare say that you are, for you will be disappointed of your pleasure, and instead of a merry evening with gay, young spirits, will have to put

up with a gloomy one with your sick father."

May was sorely dissatisfied with herself, for instead of submitting cheerfully, the tears would come, and she felt the disappointment keenly. Retiring for a little while to her room, there lay her pretty dress and sash, her slippers and simple ornaments all so invitingly spread before her. She seated herself by the side of the bed, and for a few minutes, shed some quiet tears; but struggling hard with her natural feelings, she bowed a moment before her Father in heaven, and prayed for submission to everything that he had sent.

Washing her eyes, for fear that her father should see traces of tears, she quietly put aside her dress, and descended to his room. with the same

serene and cheerful face as though nothing had happened; and yet it had been a severe struggle while it lasted.

Tea was ordered in the library, and May presided as usual. Edward had gone to the party, and little Flora was the only one at the table beside May and her father.

After supper was removed, papa was comfortably placed upon the lounge, with the softest cushion that could be found for his swollen foot, the light carefully shaded from his eyes, and May seated herself to read.

"What shall it be papa?" asked the good child.

"The evening paper first, and then Macaulay."

And so the young girl read on with her harmonious voice, and clear enunciation. No wonder that Mr. Castle-

ton was soothed by the sweet ministry of his gentle, self-denying daughter.

After an hour's reading, May was directed to bring some embrocation used when he was suffering; as she arose somewhat hastily, she touched the foot. A scream of agony followed.

"Can't you be more careful, May?" he roared with an oath.

"I beg a thousand pardons, dear papa, I did not see that your foot was off the sofa," and she smoothed his hair, and kissed the brow so furrowed with pain.

"You are a good girl, May," said her father, touched by her affectionate expressions of sympathy, "always patient with your suffering, impatient father."

In the course of the evening a ser-

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"See, Papa, we'll have a party after all."

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vant arrived from the "Cedars," with a note and bouquet for May, and refreshments from the supper-table.

"See! papa, we'll have a party after all," and May brought out a little table, spread out her dainties, and then sending for good Mrs. Lisle, the housekeeper, she ran out of the room for a few minutes, and returning with the pretty rose-buds in her dark hair, she sat down with her bright young face decked with smiles, for this was a ministry of love, always bringing sunbeams.

"Now, papa, I am wearing the rosebuds for you, for this is our party; but you must just be contented with what I shall give you," and May spread before him some choice grapes, ice-cream and delicate sponge-cake.

Mrs. Lisle looked at the young girl

with very moist eyes, for she had seen the pretty dress all ready for the evening, and knew that the disappointment had been a sore one.

But May had really helped her father to forget his pain, by her womanly tact and kindness, and when she had at last seen him comfortably disposed of for the night, she had her sweet reward, as he drew her down to his breast, and kissing her fondly, said,

"God bless you, May! You are my second good angel; you gave up your own pleasure so cheerfully for your father's sake."

"But I did feel it, dear papa, and had to fight hard to keep down the murmuring; let me say just one word now, and don't be angry—if you would only stop saying those dreadful

words, papa—I hear them all night long."

"What dreadful words, May?"

"When you take God's blessed name in vain, papa."

"It is not right, I confess, but it is such a habit May, that I don't know when I say them. But I will try, little daughter, just to please you. Now good-night, my child, I am not angry."

May imprinted another kiss, and turned away with a tranquil, hopeful spirit. She had never said so much to her father before, and now that he had listened to her without anger, she was so thankful.

As soon as she went to her room, she read Henry's note.

"I knew how it would be, that your father would contrive to keep you

at home; I had no pleasure, May, for I had built upon your coming, but I suppose there you sat in that gloomy old library, nursing a sore foot, and smiling so serenely upon your cross old father. It is too provoking! I counted on your presence, and your sweet voice more than on any one else, and to be so disappointed is really too bad. Accept the little offering which I send, and don't be angry at this naughty outburst, from Cousin Harry."

"Did you see how sweetly Miss May waited upon that father of hers?" said Mrs. Lisle, to Hannah, the waiter-girl.

"Yes, indeed! I never saw such a patient lamb in all my life; she never loses her temper, and I know it's sorely tried many a time."

"I knew one just like her, and that

was her own dear mother, Hannah; they are as much alike as two peas—in looks, in ways, and character."

"She is such a dear loving little thing," was the girl's reply; "all that she thinks of, is how she can make everybody happy. There is old Betty, when she is sick, Miss May waits upon her just as if she was a lady, gives the medicine herself, reads to her, and talks such good, pretty words."

"Yes, that is just so, Hannah—kind words for every one; there is not a servant in this house that would think gold too much for her to eat, if it could do her any good. Every day she brings me my bunch of flowers the whole year round, just because she knows I think so much of them."

"When I see Mr. Castleton so hard on her, never giving her credit for

anything she does, and see how patiently she bears it all, never showing anything but those great big tears that will come, I feel sometimes as if I can't hold my tongue, and have to hurry away for fear I shall get my walking-ticket."

"She has just such trials as her dear mother had, Hannah. Many a time have I seen that dear lamb after having done all that she could to soothe him, just go quietly to her room, I well knew to weep and pray; but never a word passed her lips like complaint of her husband, for she knew that he loved the very ground she walked upon. But he did not make her happy for all that."

"It is a terrible bad thing to have such a temper, Mrs. Lisle," said Han-

nah, "I'll take good care I don't get such a husband."

Flora, too, was often a trying little girl, for having so long led an idle life, she stoutly resisted May's efforts to bring her into regular systematic habits, but kindness was working wonders here also, and Flora was often heartily ashamed of the trouble which she gave to good sister May.

Edward was his father's idol, for being the only son, his father's hopes were centered chiefly upon this boy. Furnished in a most injudicious manner with plenty of money, the boy was acquiring habits of extravagance and self-indulgence most injurious to a wild, thoughtless youth.

The most of his time he spent out of doors; riding, fishing, boating, gunning, choosing his own companions,

no matter who, so that they were what he styled "good fellows." May often remonstrated, but all in vain. Papa thought that "it could do no harm, it was now vacation, and soon he must return to school. Let him enjoy himself while he can," was the answer always given to the sister's warnings.

And yet Edward was very proud of his sister May, and loved her, too, most devotedly. No one could do anything with him, when bent upon some wild exploit, but his sister, and many a time, by some gentle hint, or substituted pleasure, did she lure him away from bad company.

With these numerous objects of care and anxiety, she still found some time for her Sunday-scholars. Whenever it was possible, she would visit them, but as that could not be regularly,

she encouraged them to call upon her, and many a child might be seen traveling up the avenue with her little basket, which she carried away well-filled with domestic comforts.

But May was growing pale and languid. Henry and Ellen, who were frequent visitors, observed it, and whenever they could steal her away, would manage to take her out, at least once a week, on some pleasant drive.

"Do you mean to destroy your health entirely, May?" asked her cousin, "no one can stand such close confinement without suffering."

"It is only a fancy, Henry; I am perfectly well, only a little pale; that is nothing."

"You are thin, May; your cheeks are growing hollow. I won't have any more of this; I am sure that you

could ride out on horse-back every morning, if you would. Won't you promise me? Uncle Castleton does not rise early, and an hour before breakfast would do you so much good."

It was really an inviting offer, and May could see no reason why she should not go. Accordingly she made the promise, and punctually at six o' clock, Henry and Ellen presented themselves. May enjoyed these summer morning rides exceedingly; they were just what she needed; fresh morning air, and brisk exercise did wonders; the roses came back to her cheek, vigor to her frame, and bright animation to her spirits.

"Now, May, am I not a good doctor?" said Henry, as they cantered up the avenue after one of these morning

rides; "you are getting as rosy as a milk-maid, and as lively as a bee."

"I am really indebted to you, Henry. All day I feel so different if I miss my ride, and it really does not interfere with any duty; papa is never up when I leave home, and I am always back in time for breakfast."

"Do you know, May, that I hear so much about your good deeds among the people around the 'Elms,' that I expect some of these days to hear you sainted, certainly among the Catholics?"

"You are always telling me some foolish thing, Henry. It is not much that I can do for these poor people, but papa is really good to many of them, and he gets me to distribute his alms; so there is not much due to me after all."

"There is some difference of sentiment upon this subject, May; I'm pretty wilful, as you must know by this time, and shall continue to think as I please."

CHAPTER VII.

FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

Mr. Castleton's frequent attacks of illness had made sore inroads upon his strength, and though his chief malady was really better, his debility was increasing, and the physicians ordered a voyage across the Atlantic, and a year's sojourn on the continent.

Edward was placed at school. Flora, being rather a delicate child, was to accompany the family. Mrs. Hazleton had long desired an opportunity to visit Europe, and as her son had just graduated, to join the party seemed the best thing that she could do.

The "Cedars" house was closed,

the "Elms" placed under the care of Mrs. Lisle, and preparations hurried forward for departure in the early autumn.

The servants were truly sorry to part with "dear Miss May," for they all loved the sweet young girl.

John, the coachman, was to accompany them, for having long been accustomed to Mr. Castleton, he could not be dispensed with. May's pastor gave her a kind letter of introduction to any Christian minister under whose care she might be placed, for she was a very dear member of his flock.

There are always feelings of sadness on leaving familiar scenes and entering upon an unknown future. May experienced much of this depression as she took the last look at the home of her childhood; and little Flora shed many

tears on parting with her pets, charging Mrs. Lisle again and again to take care of Bijou and Fid.

It was a bright spring morning, when the carriage containing the travelers drove finally away from the "Cedars."

The sun shone cheerily upon the village church-steeple as they passed, and the bells rang out a merry peal, for the pastor was to be married that morning, and the sexton had arranged that joy bells should celebrate the day.

But strange to say, they brought no joyful thrill to May Castleton's heart, and she asked, When shall I hear their sweet chimes again?

As the carriage drove on, fainter and fainter sounded the dear church-

bells, and familiar objects rapidly passed away.

The bustle of a great city, and the noise of embarkation somewhat changed the current of thought, and once on board of the steamer, May entered upon a new life, for she had never been out at sea.

After the sea-sickness had passed away, she was never tired of looking at the grand ocean; her father seemed so much revived by the sea air, that her spirits rose day by day, and the young people added not a little to the social circle on board.

Indeed, May was the bright sunlight of the vessel. The weather-beaten tars, with their long yarns and merry songs, attracted her attention, and a little book, a paper, or a tract,

coming from the young lady, was always welcome to the hardy seamen.

The rolling porpoise, the lively dolphin, "Mother Carey's chickens," were all so many objects of wonder to the young folks, and the voyage was really so pleasant, that none of the party felt at all anxious for its close. But when the chalk cliffs of Dover first appeared, May realized that she was thousands of miles away from home, and that soon her feet would press the ground of a new continent.

By the first steamer, they made a quick passage across the Channel, and on reaching Paris, Mr. Castleton proposed staying long enough to see the sights of the French metropolis.

The novelty and grandeur of the French capital filled their young minds with wonder. The Tuilleries,

of which they had read so often, was now a reality, the Champs Elysées no longer a mere dream of fairy land, the Church of Notre Dame, an actual magnificent building, the galleries of art, stupendous wonders, and the music of the Cathedral, wings on which to mount towards heaven.

But the ungodliness of Paris sadly disturbed May Castleton. No appearance was there of a Sabbath-day anywhere. With some difficulty, in company with Flora and her cousins, she found her way to the Protestant chapel.

But papa soon became anxious to reach the warm baths of Germany, and having satisfied their curiosity, the party were again on the wing.

Their knowledge of the French language was invaluable, for everywhere

upon the continent, travelers can be at home who speak that tongue.

People of many countries crowded the hotels around these celebrated baths, and the motley group assembled daily on the piazzas, and around the environs, afforded great amusement to the young travelers, especially to Henry Hazleton.

A sojourn of a few weeks wrought a great change in Mr. Castleton. May was delighted when papa could join their walking-parties and seemed to be growing cheerful once more. Winter was now approaching, and the party proceeded to the south of France, intending in the spring to seek the romantic scenery of Switzerland.

Taking a furnished house, they found themselves delightfully situated at the foot of the mountains, where

the climate was so charming, that they could sit among the branches of the orange trees in full blossom, and enjoy their fragrance as though it were balmy spring, instead of winter.

Engaging the services of professors of music, French, and drawing, the three elder ones laid out their winter's work, while a governess was employed for Flora. Provided with abundant reading, May spent some hours daily in amusing her father; indeed, she was now quite indispensable to his comfort. The Rev. Pierre Valette, a French Protestant, was one of their neighbors, and being a man of much intelligence, was quite an acquisition to the family circle.

He was a frequent visitor, and his pastoral care was an invaluable blessing to the young people. When the

time came for a separation, all parties were sorrowful, for it was not likely that they would ever meet the good minister on this side of eternity.

Being well acquainted with the pastor of the little church which they would probably attend in Switzerland, he gave them letters of introduction to Pastor St. Felix, warmly commending them to his kind offices. A journey through a most picturesque country, at a charming season, brought them at last to their stopping-place. A neat little furnished cottage situated on one of the mountain slopes of Switzerland, presented most attractions.

It had previously been occupied by travelers like themselves, in search of health and fine scenery, and May was charmed with the rural felicity which she expected beneath its roof.

A little garden of flowers and vegetables was attached to the cottage, and John was pleased with the idea of having something to do, beside waiting on Mr. Castleton. But there was one difficulty in the way; the house was much too small for the whole party; so, taking an early opportunity, they called upon the good pastor stating their dilemma. Pastor St. Felix was one of those saintly men of whom we read, in connection with the history of the Protestant ministers of those interesting regions.

His silver hair and serene countenance gave him the appearance of being really older than he was, and here, far away in an obscure village of Switzerland, they found a man of piety, intelligence, and such refinement as

a deep acquaintance with the things of God will always supply.

His daughter, Clemence, was a simple-hearted Swiss girl, who welcomed the young people to the parsonage with a hearty, warm glow of genuine politeness; and though her dress was extremely primitive, there was something about her that attracted at once, and the youthful portion of the party felt that they had at least one companion among the mountains.

"We are quite troubled about lodgings," said Mrs. Hazleton, to the worthy man, "my brother-in-law's house is much too small to accommodate more than his own family, and we shall have to ask your aid in directing us to a home."

"If you can put up with our humble dwelling, we can spare two rooms,"

was the reply of the good pastor; "frequently, in the summer season we have had such occupants, and their society has often been a source of pleasure."

"You are very good," replied Mrs. Hazleton, "nothing could be more agreeable to us; we had scarcely hoped for such good fortune."

"Clemence, show the lady the rooms," said her father. And the young girl proceeded to open the windows of two very neat and airy rooms, looking out upon a picturesque landscape of the neighborhood, and a distant view of the glorious Alps.

Plain furniture, pure white curtains, and perfect cleanliness decided the travelers at once to engage the apartments. Before taking her departure, all arrangements were concluded, and

the next morning, the family took possession of their rooms.

Clemence was a good musician, and her sweet performance added much to the devotions of the morning and evening sacrifice, maintained in the pastor's home, and attended by his lodgers. Mrs. Hazleton considered herself very fortunate in having secured so pleasant a place of sojourn.

A Swiss servant was engaged at the Castleton cottage, and Babette, with her short woolen dress, wooden shoes, and grotesque cap, was quite an amusing object to the young folks. Little Flora seemed never to grow tired of following her about, and asking questions about the strange ways of this new country.

Settled at length in a home where they should probably spend some

months, May proceeded to arrange her round of duties; reading to her father; little Flora's lesson; her own studies, were all duly provided for. Mr. Castleton seemed so much better, that she anticipated much pleasure in out-door excursions in this magnificent country.

Anxious to pursue her musical studies, she found that a piano could be hired in a neighboring city, and brought in a steamer down the lake. Moreover, Clemence had received a thorough musical education at Geneva, under the best professors, and had been frequently employed by visitors as a teacher of their children.

This was charming, because so unexpected, and when May found that Flora and herself could be so well provided for, she lost no time in en-

gaging the services of the young Swiss.

Surrounded by scenery so new and beautiful, much of the first week was spent by the young people in exploring the neighborhood, in pointing out its beauties, and laying many plans for the future.

Sunday dawned upon them brightly, and as the little church was within walking distance, the sound of the church-bell stealing through the valleys, and up the mountain slope, was most welcome to May.

"Can I be spared to-day, papa?" she asked, "I should like so much to go to church."

"You can go, May, and I think that I shall accompany you; I feel quite able to walk that far."

May was delighted, for her father seldom attended the house of God.

Setting off early, they found the scene indeed most pleasing. In every direction, villagers could be seen wending their way to the village church.

Down the mountain, and up the glens, clad in their grotesque costumes, men women and children might be seen in groups, all bound in the same direction.

The service was beautiful, because so devout and simple. Clemence presided at the organ, and the music was remarkable for a village church. The good pastor preached a solemn sermon, full of unction, full of Christ. After church, the villagers crowded around their good minister, exchanging salutations, and answering to his kind inquiries concerning their families,

their cares, their sorrows; for all were his.

May felt that she was under the care of a true shepherd, one of the Master's own servants. Her young heart went out in Christian love at once, not only to the good pastor, but to the simple-hearted, pious people, though among the humblest of the Saviour's flock. There is a blessed lesson taught in the Redeemer's school, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism," and May was learning it.

CHAPTER VIII.

VISIT TO THE GLEN.

It is one of the brightest days in spring. May and Flora have just concluded their music lesson, and are escorting Clemence to the door.

"What say you to an excursion up the glen?" asked the young Swiss.

"It would be delightful," was the quick answer, "but I fear that papa cannot spare me so long."

"Let me ask him, I think he will grant my request," and away hurried Clemence to Mr. Castleton, who was reading in his little parlor.

"I am come to beg a favor, Mon-

sieur," said Clemence, as she stood smiling at the door.

"Well! what is it? I am ready to hear what you have to say."

"We are going to-morrow on our excursion up the glen; the weather is so inviting, I came to ask whether you will not allow May to accompany us."

Mr. Castleton's countenance fell a little; but May had been so patient, so uncomplaining, that he could not well refuse, and replied,

"She can go, but must not stay too late."

Soon after breakfast, with their baskets of lunch, the party gaily set out. For a long distance they walked along the mountain slopes, where the fresh verdure of spring smiled in all its beauty. Passing several chalets,

they stopped at length at one to buy some milk, and as the curiosity of our young Americans was highly excited, they were allowed to explore the cottages so different from those at home. The stones lying upon the roof, the steps outside leading up to the balcony, the novelty of cattle at one end of the chalet, and the family at the other, were all objects of curiosity

May had often read romantic tales of the shepherdesses of the Alps, and had imagined pretty maidens, with their straw hats dressed with flowers, objects wholly different from the nut-brown peasants, clad in very rough rustic garb, whom they met tending their flocks upon the mountains.

"Look there, Ellen," said May, as she directed her attention to several of these uncouth-looking damsels, "I

am so disappointed, for I remember when I used to read Mrs. Sherwood's beautiful stories, I so often longed to see some of these lovely shepherdesses."

Ellen laughed as she replied,

"They are an odd-looking set. What great clumsy shoes they wear, May! and those head-dresses are very different things from the fancy hats that we have dreamed of trimmed with flowers."

"Still, Ellen, they are interesting to us," answered May, "but hark! they are singing some of their wild mountain airs now." And for several minutes they stood listening to the stirring notes of a hunting song, with a chorus in imitation of a mountain horn.

Having reached a most picturesque,

romantic spot, they halted for a while to enjoy the charming picture spread out before them. Though they stood on a lofty height, above them towered the majestic Alps. Scattered down the mountain slopes were many Swiss cottages, with their little gardens; groups of shepherds tended their flocks on the heights around, and far in the distance, might be seen the spire of the village church towering above the rich foliage.

The Swiss maiden directed their attention to an echo, and the names of Flora, May, and Clemence, were echoed and reëchoed from hill to hill.

At the foot of the mountain, a rustic bridge spanned a gentle stream, which received the waters of a sparkling cascade that came dashing and foaming down one of the mountain

cliffs. And thus opened the lovely glen to which they were traveling.

After enjoying their lunch under the shade of some fine old trees, they entered the glen, and here they came upon quite a settlement of Swiss peasantry.

"This is one of papa's hamlets," said Clemence; "he preaches here twice a month; and many specimens of humble piety are found among the people."

During the whole walk, May had been gathering wild flowers, and many plants which she had never seen in her native land. Knowing how fond her father was of such studies, she had brought her herbarium, and carefully preserved her specimens.

"Here, May, let us stop to see old Margot," said Clemence, and knocking

at the door of the cottage, a very deformed cripple made her appearance.

"How are you, Margot?"

"Come in, ladies," said the old woman, "mine is a poor little hut, but I will make you welcome;" and she dusted off a rough pine bench for her visitors.

"How are you getting along, Margot?" inquired Clemence, very kindly.

"God is very good to me, Mademoiselle," said the old woman; "though I suffer very much, he gives me patience to bear my pain; and the neighbors are very kind; when I cannot work, they supply my wants, so that I can always say, 'The Lord is my shepherd.'"

May looked with pity upon the old woman, for she was bent nearly double with rheumatism.

"Do you live alone, Margot?" she inquired.

"Yes, all alone. I had a good grand-daughter once, who was a great help to her old grandmother, but the good Father took her home when she was very young; I do not complain, for the journey will be a short one, and there will be good company at the end. I have learned to trust God in a school of hardship; many of my ancestors were among the faithful witnesses of the Waldenses, who sealed their faith by the shedding of their blood."

Unconsciously they traveled on, so fascinated by the beauty all around, that they were quite forgetful of the distance which separated them from home.

"Look at the sun, Clemence," said May, "it seems rapidly descending

behind the mountains; I fear that we shall be very late."

Reluctantly the party turned their faces homeward, and though walking rapidly, did not arrive till very long after sunset. A long, lonely day had completely exhausted Mr. Castleton's patience, and when May entered the parlor, she saw at a glance, that papa was very angry.

"I wonder you did not stay all night with your friends, May; here have I been all day without a creature to speak to; I suppose that you forgot all about your father."

"I hope that you will excuse me, papa; the scenery was so beautiful, and everything so new, that I forgot how far we were walking, and when we turned towards home, it was quite sunset; but I did not forget you, papa;

I have brought some very curious plants, such as we never saw in America."

"You need not show them to me, May; it is all fudge to try to make me believe that you care anything about your father. When you get with your cousins, you never know when to come home."

May was deeply pained. Poor child! she felt that her father's reproaches were so unjust; but she remembered the long-suffering patience of the Master whom she served, and all her answers were kind.

A glance towards her father's secretary showed letters from America.

"Oh papa! letters from home, are they not?"

"Yes, and fine news do they contain. Your brother Edward is not

doing well at college; here is a letter from the president, making sad complaints of his idleness and extravagance."

"I am sorry, papa, but don't you think a little less pocket-money would be better for brother?"

"That will do very well for you to say, May; when you are enjoying yourself every day, and have all your wants supplied. There is your brother cut off from his family, and you want me to deny him just the little gratification of some spending-money."

"I don't want him deprived of anything that is for his good, papa; but if money gives him the power to waste his time, and acquire bad habits, would it not be a real kindness to withhold it?"

Mr. Castleton knew that May was

right, but so blind was he to the faults of his son, and so disposed to indulge him, that the gentle remonstrance was all in vain.

Notwithstanding her father's unkindness, May hastened to see that a nice meal was prepared, and as soon as she had put away her hat and mantle, ran out to Babette. She was a good friend to May, and really sympathized with the trials of the young girl.

"Come, Babette, let us have one of your nicest omelettes; and some of your best cream toast, papa is so fond of them."

"I'll do my very best, Mademoiselle; never fear for Babette; she is always ready to wait upon her young lady."

In a little while, a nice meal was

spread upon the table, and May seated herself with her sweet loving face, never tired, though often pained by her father's moroseness.

The study of her daily life was impressing itself so beautifully upon the walk of the young Christian, that although her father would scarcely own it to himself, it was preaching its blessed silent lessons, and many a night he lay awake, thinking of the sweet pale face, and tender sorrowful eyes, following him so wistfully when he was impatient.

He did not seem well when ready to retire, and May charged John to keep a close watch upon her father, as he slept in a small communicating room.

In the middle of the night, May

was aroused by John knocking at her door.

"Wake up, Miss May, master is very ill; I must go for the doctor at once, he has one of his worst attacks."

Trembling with anxiety, she hastily threw on her dressing-gown, and hurried to her father's bed-side.

He was tossing with agony; May knew the usual remedies, and as far as possible, with the assistance of Babette, endeavored to relieve his sufferings. But her trouble was greatly increased by the profane expressions that dropped from his lips. She felt his danger, for the physician had always dreaded the disease reaching the vital organs, and now it was attacking him in quite a new form.

Leaning over him, with her face bathed in tears, she murmured,

"Oh papa! don't say such dreadful words; you break my heart. Call upon God in the day of trouble, papa, but don't take his holy, blessed name in vain."

She felt frightened at her temerity, but the distress of the moment overcame all fear.

It seemed as though the doctor would never come, for John had to ride some distance before he could be found, and there was a delay of two hours ere he arrived at the cottage. At length, in the gray dawn of the morning, May perceived the carriage coming up the mountain, and flying to the door, she welcomed the doctor.

"I am so glad that you have come; papa is so very ill."

May felt unspeakably relieved when

she saw the physician by the patient's bed-side, for she had often heard the pastor speak of this skilful physician.

"Do not be alarmed, my dear young lady; this is a severe, but by no means dangerous attack; it will soon yield to active remedies."

And the good physician seated himself for hours by his patient's side.

He was a good Christian man, and when May heard him ask permission to ask God's blessing on the means used, her young heart went up in gratitude to her heavenly Father, who had sent a physician for soul and body too.

The violence of the symptoms speedily abated, and when the doctor left them, her father was comparatively comfortable.

CHAPTER IX

MAY'S MORNING WALK.

This was a long and tedious illness; consequently, the pleasant excursions were for the present at an end. Duty was very plain, and May was so certain of her Master's will, that although called upon to seclude herself so entirely, she was happy, for there was peace within. Many an impatient remonstrance was she compelled to listen to from Cousin Henry, and his sister Ellen; many a trial of patience from wilful little Flora; but still the child loved her sister May, and often repented when she saw the sad coun-

tenance often caused by her perverseness.

"Don't cry, sister May, I will learn my lessons; but it is so much better to run about with Tray; and I do get so tired of my books. The birds can hop about the trees, and the lambs play on the mountains, but I, a poor little girl, must stay in the house over these old lessons."

"You must remember, Flo, that you are a very different being from birds and lambs. You have a soul, dear little sis, and are placed here to be a useful servant of God; that you cannot be, without being trained for such service."

"Yes, I know, May, but still I cannot help longing to live out of doors."

"Just be a good, diligent child; one hour at your lessons, another at your

music, and then you can run about with the lambs, and sing with the sweet birds all day long."

Throwing her arms around May's neck, she kissed her dear sister again and again.

"What a dear mother-sister you are, May; I am going to be the best little thing in all the village, just see," and away flew little Flo, to get her books.

Seating herself on the pleasant little balcony, she set to work with good will; and shaking her finger at old Tray, who lay by her side, looking up most wistfully in her face, she said,

"There now, Tray, just be a good, patient dog for a little while, and we shall have fine fun."

The dog shook his head with an air of perfect appreciation of his little

mistress' words, and drooped his shaggy ears, at the same time wagging his tail in token of acquiescence.

Since Mr. Castleton's illness, he had been in the habit of sleeping late, and May frequently embraced this opportunity to take an early walk.

Accordingly one very bright morning, attired in her broad-brimmed straw hat and blue ribbons, we behold her with a very sweet and happy face descending the mountain. With basket in hand, and Tray trudging at her side, she walked on at a cheerful pace, singing

"Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee,
For the bliss thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows."

She stopped every now and then to gather mosses, ferns, and minerals, for

May never forgot her father's peculiar tastes.

As she pursued her way, a horseman in the distance was seen ascending the mountain. May wondered who it could be at that early hour, but soon perceived that it was Henry Hazleton taking a morning ride. He dismounted, and walking by her side, said,

"I am really fortunate, May. Do you know that we have not seen you at the parsonage for three weeks? You are ruining your health, May; your cheeks are as pale, and your eyes as hollow, as if you had been sick yourself for a month."

"That is only fancy, cousin; I am doing my duty; you certainly would not wish me to be seeking my own

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He dismounted and walked by her side.

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pleasure when papa is sick and suffering."

"The truth is, May, we have no pleasure without you; Ellen and I wander about just as if we had no object in any of our walks. Can't you steal away sometimes?"

"No, Henry, I shall never steal away from papa. When he wishes me to go, he will say so; in the meantime, I am contented; perhaps if I am always kind and patient with him, I may do him good."

"When were you ever anything else, May? There is that little Flo; she is enough to provoke a saint, and you are never cross with her; then there was Edward, you were always the same gentle sister; do you know, May, that I think you let them impose upon you?"

May smiled one of her own sweet heart-beams.

"Don't be alarmed, Henry; all this is good discipline; it is teaching me what I most want, to be long-suffering and kind."

Henry began to tap his boot with his cane.

"I have a crow to pick with you, May. I used to think that you cared something about your cousins; but I really don't believe that you miss us at all up in that grim cottage."

May was now hurt, for many a lonely hour had she spent when her father was sleeping, and many a time did her warm young heart yearn for the companionship of her cousins.

"Now, Henry, this is really unkind; when it takes all the patience I can command to submit cheerfully to my

Father's will, and when I spend so many hours longing for the society of young spirits, it does seem so hard that you should reproach me. Sometimes, when I am all alone, I shed real tears of sorrow; I fear sometimes of discontent, and yet after all, instead of strengthening me, you reproach me."

"Forgive me, cousin, I did not mean to wound you, but I am such a hot-headed, blundering fellow, and you are so precious to us all, that I could not help those few thoughtless words."

May turned her deep truthful eyes upon Henry's face, and said,

"I wish, cousin Henry, that I could see you beginning to think more of principle, than feeling."

"You will have to teach me, May, as I think you are teaching us all."

"There is a better teacher, Henry; sit at his feet, my dear cousin, and you will learn there only lessons of patience and meekness."

By this time they had reached the foot of the mountain.

"I had forgotten to ask where you are going at this early hour," said her cousin.

"I am going to the cottage over the bridge, where I get my father's fresh fish and eggs."

"Shall I go with you, May?"

"Yes, if you please, for it may be a long time before I see you again."

"Can't we come up now, May?" inquired the youth.

"Yes, next week I think, if you do not stay too long, and make too much noise."

Stopping at the old man's cottage, there stood lame Margot of the glen.

"What are you doing here so early?" inquired May.

"Old Peter gives me some fish twice a week, and I don't mind the walk; but I am so much obliged to you, Miss May, for the warm flannel and good stockings; I have had nothing like them for many a day," and turning to Henry, the old cripple continued, "she is a blessed angel, so good and kind to everybody. Here's old Peter, too, can tell the same tale."

May blushed, and placing her little hand on Margot's mouth, she said,

"Don't you know, Margot, how proud our hearts are? You must be careful how you drop words which may kindle a bad fire."

"It's just the truth, and I can't help

saying it," answered the old woman. "Don't I remember the day when you helped me into church, and put me in a pleasant seat; me! poor old, crippled Margot! the people are very good to me; but when there are so many handsome young girls around the door, they don't often pass them by, to wait upon an old cripple."

Henry stood by, listening to Margot's words with a gratified face, for he thought truly, that there was but one May Castleton.

Endeavoring to turn the subject, she addressed herself to the old man.

"What have you to-day, Peter?"

"Some of the finest lake trout that I have had for a long time; I have been saving some for you, Mademoiselle, for I have been expecting you down on this fine morning."

"Pick me out three of the best, Peter, and a dozen eggs, for I must hurry home."

The old man obeyed the orders, and May turned her face homeward.

Henry insisted on carrying her basket, while Tray trudged on, looking quite chagrined.

"There, Henry! look at poor Tray; he always carries the basket for me, and the good old dog is disappointed."

"He shall carry it part of the way, May, for I am not going to venture upon the fortress to-day. I know that uncle would pitch the basket after me if I did."

Arrived in sight of the cottage, Henry bade "good morning," saying,

"I hope that these walks are frequent, May, for you are taking back

some morning roses upon your cheeks."

"When papa is sick, this is my only exercise, and I enjoy it so much."

"I will remember, May. Good-bye," and as he dropped the basket, old Tray took it up, and with a quiet, satisfied air, carried it quite out to the kitchen, and sat it down by Babette's chair.

"Well! old fellow, I suppose that you must have a good breakfast for this," and the dog answered by one of his good-natured growls that Babette fully understood.

"Good morning! dear papa," said May, with her bright face dressed with smiles, "I have brought you some of the most delicious trout, and nice fresh eggs; you shall have a breakfast for a prince."

"Why, May, you look as bright as a young rose-bud, to-day; where did you get your rosy cheeks?"

"From fresh morning air, and a brisk walk, a quiet spirit, and a heart so happy to see you better."

"I did not feel very well, May, when I first got out of bed, for John gave my foot such a knock; but I can't be ill-humored, when there is such a sunbeam at the table."

May was very happy, for it was so seldom that papa expressed any appreciation of all her devotion and love, and now he looked at his daughter so kindly, that May was bright as a spring-bird all that day.

CHAPTER X.

RIDES AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

GRADUALLY the invalid's health improved; the long confinement had worn upon his spirits, and he desired some mode of enjoying the fresh air. Too weak to walk, he hired a low carriage, and in company with May and Flora, they explored the surrounding neighborhood. Every afternoon, the queer little carriage was seen traveling up the mountain slopes, through the lovely glen, by the side of the glassy lake, or along the shady lanes of the romantic village.

Occasionally, they stopped at the par-

sonage, and took up either Mrs. Hazleton or Ellen, Henry often accompanying them on horseback. These were pleasant rides, for Mr. Castleton's fine taste was nice at discovering beauties, and many a charming sunset was enjoyed by the party, stopping at some favorable point where they could best behold the snow-capped Alps; a feature always to be admired in this charming neighborhood—sometimes standing aloft in cold, snowy solitudes, or tipped with the rosy tints of sunset.

May's holy ministry was insensibly encircling her father with its subduing influence; he knew not why it was, but his thoughts were more of heavenly things.

Cousin Henry, too, rejoiced in the same ministry, and might often now

be seen wending his way up to the mountain cottage.

May and Flora spent much time out on the balcony; and one day as they were seated in this favorite spot, little Flo perceived a traveler approaching.

"Here comes Cousin Henry, May! what has he got with him? he is leading some kind of an animal up the mountain."

May laughed heartily at the picture, for there was her cousin leading a most obstreperous goat by a rope.

"Here, Flora, is a pet for you," said the youth, as he led Nan up to his little cousin. She was quite a tame animal, having long been a pet in one of the peasant's families; but in the hands of a stranger, Nan was somewhat unruly. Flora was de-

lighted, for she missed her American pets every day. Running to Babette, she brought out a nice basin of milk, and Nan soon made friends with the little girl.

For several days, Flora was entirely engrossed by her pet, and all her spare time was spent in merry gambols around the house.

It is one of the finest days in the season.

"What do you say to a sail on the lake?" said papa, "I feel as if I could enjoy it to-day."

"Nothing could be more pleasant," was the answer; "we will take our lunch with us; my guitar, and your books; we will ride to the shore, and we shall have a splendid day."

"Can't we take Nan along?" inquired little Flora.

May smiled.

"Do you propose to take her in the carriage, Flo?"

"No, sister, I am not such a dunce as that; but I know Babette will take her down to the shore; I don't want to leave her at home."

"Very well, Flo; if Babette will trot her along, she shall go."

The good woman was always ready to gratify the little girl; accordingly all was soon arranged.

The carriage brought up, May was very careful to see papa comfortably placed, but with all her precaution, she had struck his foot.

"That is just like you, May," said the impatient man; "can't you remember my foot? it seems as if yon were always hurting it."

"I would not hurt you for the world,

papa; I thought I was so careful. I never forget your poor foot, and would a great deal rather hurt myself."

"Then why don't you take better care?"

John was very angry at the reproaches of his master, for he knew how patient and loving May was to her suffering parent. He could scarcely restrain the words that seemed forcing themselves through his lips; but he contented himself with two or three heavy cracks of his whip on the tree before the house.

"What are you making that confounded noise for, John?" asked Mr. Castleton; "don't you know that my nerves can't bear it, especially after such a blow?"

I guess somebody else has nerves, thought John; you never think of

her's when your tantrums are on you.

But after a few more moments of delay, they were ready to start, when May called out,

"Stop one moment, John, I have forgotten something," and running back to the house, she returned with her calm, pleasant face, sweet as ever.

"I had almost forgotten the blanket-shawl, papa, and that would never do, for the evening air is cool among these mountain regions;" folding it up carefully, she placed it affectionately behind her father, saying,

"There, papa, that is a nice soft cushion to lean against.

Flora was highly amused at seeing Babette trotting by the side of the carriage, leading Nan so carefully, and the goat exhibiting her pleasure

by a variety of funny little tricks which she had learned in her peasant's home. Embarked in the boat that was ready for them, they seemed a very happy party, for even Mr. Castleton could not withstand the influence of that placid lake, the snow-clad mountains, or the charming villages that lay embossed in rich foliage all along its borders; but more than all these was the sweet spirit of the gentle daughter watching him so lovingly, and determined that he should have a delightful day.

Selecting one of the most pleasant seats in the boat, she arranged his cushions, and then seating herself by his side, commenced tuning her guitar, and asked,

"What will you have, papa?"

"Just what you please, May," was

the answer. And in the sweetest manner, she sang "Sweet Home," the song which all hearts love in foreign lands.

Then came Hood's pretty melody, "I remember, I remember," then Mrs. Hemans' "Messenger Bird," and the "Better Land."

John looked on with admiring eyes, and listening ears; Flora ran about the deck with her favorite, and papa's spirits were quite softened in the midst of all these pleasant things.

Stopping on the borders of the lake, the party went on shore, and what was May's surprise to meet the company from the parsonage, who had heard of their excursion from Babette. Clemence ran up to them with warm expressions of delight.

"This is charming, May; we were

just going to explore one of these deep ravines; you will go with us I hope."

May glanced towards her father, saying, "This day is entirely papa's, whatever he says must be done."

"If Flora will stay with me, I think I can spare you, May."

"Thank you, dear papa! I would like to see this deep gorge."

Selecting a shady spot, she arranged his cushions against a tree, and when fully satisfied that he was comfortable, and bringing her basket of lunch within his reach, she kissed him affectionately, and turning to John, said,

"Mind, John, and take good care of your master; I hope you won't be lonesome, papa."

"I have brought my book, May; that is always company."

Ascending a high hill, they looked down upon a deep ravine, so covered with brushwood, that they could not see the bottom.

"Does any one ever descend that gorge, Clemence?" asked May.

"Frequently; there is a path down one side, among the rocks close to the cascade."

"Shall we try it?" said Henry.

"I would like it above all things," was May's reply, and led by Henry, while Clemence conducted Ellen, after great difficulty, and many little screams, they reached the bottom. Looking upward, they could scarcely realize the tremendous height, were it not that a mountain goat perched upon the eminence looked like a mere speck.

Down among the rocks, came tum-

bling the waters of the cascade; and seating themselves in the solitude, they listened to the music of the waterfall, soothed and quieted by the sweet sounds.

Their return was by another passage which wound around the mountain, for as to climbing such a steep ascent, it was simply impossible.

During their absence, Mr. Castleton had been deeply musing. In the midst of these lovely scenes, so favorable to meditation, the solemn voice of the Spirit had been preaching silent sermons, the text of which was the sweet life of his long-suffering, patient, loving daughter. None knew but the Father above, how frequently and how deeply these voices had lately whispered. He had resisted many solemn messages from the pulpit, many deep

convictions in hours of bereavement, but the still, small voice was ever speaking now; gently, in the bright daylight, but deeply, powerfully, in the dark night watches. While musing thus, the party returned.

"Here we are, papa," said May, as she seated herself by her father's side; "I have brought you such charming plants, and we have seen such grandeur, papa; but we are tired and hungry," and throwing aside her hat, she shook out her dark brown ringlets; and papa looked on his blooming daughter with admiring pride. Opening her basket, May proceeded to deal out cold chicken, sandwiches, and light biscuit, and the party enjoyed the refreshment heartily.

"Where is your guitar, May?"

asked Clemence, "we must have some music."

And always ready to oblige, her voice, accompanied by Clemence, drew several groups of peasants, who were tending their flocks near by.

But pleasure must end, and the descending sun warned them that it was time to return. The sail home was a merry one, for the whole party embarked in the same boat.

The next morning, papa called his daughter to his sitting-room.

"This is your birth-day, is it not, my child?"

"Yes, papa, I am eighteen to day."

"You have not had a very happy life for these last few years, May."

"It is just what my Father has ordered for me, papa, and it must therefore be the very best for me."

"You have had a great deal to try your patience, May, but it never gives way with your father."

"But you are sick, papa; I try to remember that."

"And I have remembered you, daughter."

Going to his secretary, he unlocked one of the drawers, and taking out a small case, produced her mother's miniature.

"This is your birth-day gift, May; I thought that you would like it better than anything else."

Looking at the sweet face, May said, "I am so thankful, papa," and turning it on the other side, her pleasure was doubled, for there was also a miniature of her father.

"How in the world did you contrive

this surprise, papa, here away among the Swiss mountains?"

"When I was in Geneva, I sat for my likeness, and left your mother's miniature; the pictures were forwarded last week."

May was a happy girl all that day, for not only did she possess this sweet gift, but her father seemed so different; there was certainly something going on within his heart that was making his daughter very hopeful.

Mr. St. Felix was a frequent visitor at the cottage. His general intelligence made him always a welcome companion to Mr. Castleton, and being also a naturalist, many pleasant hours of social intercourse were passed by the two gentlemen. He never forgot, however, that he was an ambassador for a heavenly Master, and always

contrived to turn the conversation so modestly and naturally into a holy channel, that Mr. Castleton felt after his departure, that he had been drawn upward by the good pastor. It is Saturday evening, and Mr. Castleton calls May to his side.

"What kind of seats have you at church, May?"

"Pretty rough, papa," was the answer, "but if you wish to go, John can easily take down one of our comfortable chairs, and some of the cushions."

"I think that I will try it to-morrow, May, for I am tired of staying at home all day Sunday, and I am sure that I shall hear solid sense from such a man as Mr. St. Felix."

The pastor was not only surprised, but delighted to see Mr. Castleton, at

an early hour, taking his place among the humble worshippers.

May was as bright as a sky-lark. Seating her father near the pulpit, and placing the cushions under his feet, she chose a seat near, that she might enjoy the sight of her father in the house of God.

Clemence played skilfully on the organ; the music was elevating, the services simple and touching, and the sermon full of the unction of a pure, scriptural gospel.

Earnestness marked the delivery of every word, and its closing appeals sank deep into the heart of the new worshipper.

Two or three times, May saw her father's hand steal quietly to his eyes, hastily wiping off a tear that would start; but when the concluding hymn

was a favorite of her mother, he was deeply affected, and bowed his head down low upon his hand. Mr. St. Felix came up to him after the service, to welcome him to the village church.

"I shall certainly come again, my dear sir," was the answer. "It is so pleasant to worship among these plain, simple-hearted Christians; there is none of that mere pomp and pretence here that has so disgusted me in our city churches."

Henry and Ellen were now frequent visitors, for Mr. Castleton was so much better, that their company was really desirable.

Many pleasant evenings did they spend together, when May, with her guitar, Henry, with his flute, and Clemence at the piano, enlivened the hours with their music.

After an hour's pleasant intercourse in the sitting-room, Mr. St. Felix and Mr. Castleton would often join the younger party, and many a look of quiet wonder passed between Henry and his sister, at the remarkable change in the deportment of uncle Castleton.

"CHARITY SUFFERETH LONG, AND IS KIND."

Precious words! how they have guided May in all her sweet home ministry, working their silent wonders all so unconsciously but surely, as they were melting day by day the icy crust, which had hitherto enveloped her father's heart.

Henry and Ellen are returning home after one of these pleasant visits.

"I was reading somewhere," said

Henry, to his sister, "about casting our shadows around us, Ellen; I mean our moral shadows—What would you name dear May's?"

"A sunbeam, certainly," was Ellen's reply, "and Uncle Castleton's a vinegar-cruet, or a crab-apple tree."

"The vinegar-cruet is certainly becoming mellow, and the crab-apple is undergoing some change, I am sure," was Henry's reply.

"The sunbeam is ripening the fruit," said Ellen, with a smile.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CONVENT OF ST. BERNARD.

Mr. St. Felix has come to spend the evening at the cottage. Fortunately, Mr. Castleton is in one of his genial moods.

The party left behind at the parsonage are in a state of anxious suspense, for the good man has come upon a doubtful errand. An excursion to the Convent of St. Bernard is on foot, and the pastor is anxious that May should accompany them.

"I have come to make one request, my good friend," said the pastor.

"And what is that?" was the reply,

"for I am generally inclined to oblige you."

"There is a party about to set off for the convent," said Mr. St. Felix, "and I want you to permit May to accompany them."

"Ascend these snowy mountains, my good sir! I am afraid that would be a dangerous undertaking."

"Not at this season, I think. They will go on mules, and two hardy mountaineers will accompany them."

"But what shall I do without May, my good friend?"

"Come, and make me a visit; I shall be so pleased to have you, for Mrs. Hazleton and all the young people are going, and the change will do you good."

"I am almost tempted to accept your offer, for my days are very mo-

notonous in this little cottage." And before Mr. St. Felix took his departure, consent was obtained, and he found the young people all out on the little balcony awaiting his arrival.

"I have been successful," said the good man, and Henry and Ellen received the news with real joy.

* * * * * *

Warmly clad, and mounted upon sure-footed mules, the party set off on their journey.

Followed by several shepherd dogs, and full of excited spirits, they commenced the ascent.

Their way at first was over several miles of grassy verdure, and among shepherds' huts; but gradually, by the side of deep ravines and mountain gorges, which seemed of terrific depth viewed from cliffs above.

Occasionally, they stopped at some of the hunters' huts to refresh themselves; and the first night of their journey, they slept beneath the roof of a chamois hunter.

To Henry, who was fond of adventure, this was all charming; but as they approached the snowy region, the ladies began to think about the travelers who had been buried in the snow-drifts, of driving snow-storms, treacherous glaciers, and the countless dangers of these desolate and dreary regions.

The atmosphere, too, was becoming intensely cold, and all were glad to draw their winter wrappings more closely about them.

Their guides, however, were bold and fearless, and the cheerful songs with which they enlivened the jour-

ney, served to inspire the whole party with courage.

The grandeur of the scenery was now overpowering; whole fields of snow and ice glittering in the sunbeams, peak after peak towering upward, glowing in the rosy light of the sunset hour.

At length, in the distance appeared the dark convent walls of the Hospice.

It was the vesper-hour, and as they approached, the convent bell sounded solemnly upon the cold and silent air.

The guides advanced first, and ringing the convent bell, a monk appeared, clad in the rough garb of the order, and accompanied by several of the Alpine dogs.

The hospitable monk gave the party a cheerful welcome, and following

Father Anselm, they soon found themselves in the parlor of the Hospice. Stone floors looked cheerless, but a glowing fire that burned in the fireplace sent out a ruddy glow, and seating themselves around, the party congratulated themselves on their safe arrival.

They were very cold and weary, and when invited to the refectory to partake of the best cheer that could be had, a mountain appetite prepared them all to do justice to the smoking viands placed before them.

Father Anselm joined them in the parlor, and entertained them all the evening, with accounts of travelers who had been taken out of the snowdrifts by the faithful dogs trained for the purpose.

One of these animals was seated by

his side while relating these stories, and with his intelligent face seemed as if he actually understood all that was said.

"Leo has saved fifteen lives," said the monk, patting the dog upon the head, "one poor little fellow whom you will see. About two years ago, a party of gentlemen were overtaken by a dreadful snow-storm; the dogs were out all night, and succeeded in bringing in this one little boy alive; all the rest had perished. He was about six years old; all that he could tell us, was, that his mamma lived in a beautiful house, near a large church, with a grand organ, and a great bell; that his papa was an officer, and that he was named Henry Moreland; a gentleman named Bartlett was in the company. We succeeded in obtaining the bodies, and

placed them in the morgue (dead-house) of the convent; but we could obtain no further clue that might lead us to his home, excepting that in one of the gentlemen's coat-pockets we found an English Book of Common Prayer, and written within it, "Lucy Moreland, to her Husband.'"

"Can we see the little boy?" asked Mrs. Hazleton.

Father Anselm left the room, and soon returned, leading in a very lovely boy, about eight years old.

Little Henry was a bright, intelligent child, with an English complexion. He seemed very fond of Father Anselm, who had acted the part of a kind parent to the orphan. Henry had learned to read since he had been in the convent, and being fond of mu-

sic, he was taking lessons on the organ also.

"He is a staunch little Protestant," said the monk, smiling, "for although he goes to chapel with us, he says his own prayers, and no others, and those are what his mother taught him."

The little fellow was seated by Leo's side, with his arm around the dog's shaggy neck, for the boy and the dog were great friends.

"To what nation do you think he belongs?" asked the monk, addressing Mrs. Hazleton.

"I should say that he is an English child, without doubt," was the reply. "His bright complexion, his name, his Protestant education, the name of the gentleman in company, and the Book of Common Prayer would lead one to think so."

"I have thought the same," said Father Anselm; "we have supposed that the party may have been traveling for health; I have sent advertisements to the principal cities of Europe where travelers generally stop."

"Have you ever advertised in English papers, Father?"

"I have not, madam; but perhaps that might lead to the discovery of his friends; we all love the boy, but I would spare no pains to restore such a child to his mother."

"Do not delay, Father Anselm, I think that London Newspapers would be the best."

The evening passed pleasantly away, and at an early hour, the guests were conducted to their rooms, where warm fires had been kindled for their comfort.

The rooms were such as were occupied by the monks themselves; small bedsteads, a table, with stone pitcher and basin, and one chair, were all the furniture, with the exception of a crucifix fastened to the wall; plenty of warm bed-clothes had been provided, and they retired to their rest with a feeling of security and comfort greatly enhanced by the sense of dreariness and cold without.

The whistling of the bleak winds through the long, dark passages of the convent, was keen as winter blasts are below, although it was now the month of August.

They had not been long asleep, before the convent-bell tolled the midnight hour.

Henry's curiosity was so wide awake, that hurrying on his clothes,

and wrapping himself in his warm over-coat and furs, he sallied out into the passage, surprised to find Cousin May equally anxious to witness a midnight mass at St. Bernard.

One or two dim lights gleamed faintly in the corridors, scarcely rendering darkness visible. From every quarter the gliding figures of the monks in their dark robes, and cowls drawn over their heads, all tending in the same direction, guided our young people to the chapel.

The midnight hour, the dim lights, the solemn music, the voice of the presiding priest, and the aspect of the monks, all took powerful hold upon the imagination of the young listeners; yet May asked herself as she listened, whether such a midnight service is ever recorded, in which the

Master had taken a part, and the answer came quickly, that once we find him praying all night alone upon the mountain top, and again in the garden of Gethsemane; but he kept these midnight watches, that we might enjoy a cheerful, sunny intercourse with the father of our spirits. He passed through these dark hours that we might "sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." He endured the gloom, that we might have the sunshine.

Thus mused our young Protestant, and both returned to their rooms. Again early in the morning was heard the convent-bell ringing to Matins.

After breakfast, Father Anselm led them through the convent, and unlocking a large door, conducted them into the Morgue. They were not prepared for the sight which presented

itself; for there in grim rows stood up the rigid figures of numbers who had lost their lives on the mountains, several monks who had died a natural death, and several dogs also.

On the collar of one it was recorded that he had saved the lives of twenty travelers.

"How is this?" inquired Henry, "do you never bury the dead?"

"There is no need," was the reply; "there is no decomposition in an atmosphere like this; the muscle shrivels gradually away."

Having seen all that was really interesting, the party spoke of returning, but Father Anselm opposed it. "You must not think of such a thing," said he, "there are signs of a coming storm."

"What signs?" inquired Henry, "I see nothing."

The monk smiled as he led them into the convent yard. There stood a number of dogs, all looking anxiously at the clouds, and making peculiar noises, such as the monks had learned to understand.

"When we hear that, no one must venture to travel," said the Father.

Before night, the wind arose, first in deep low moans; then the clouds thickened, and the snow began to fall. In the night, the wind blew a hurricane; once our travelers ventured to look out, but the air was filled with driving snow; the dogs with cloaks lashed upon their backs, and flasks of wine around their necks; and the monks, with their long poles, clad in their heaviest cloaks, with covered

lanterns in their hands were ready to dare the terrific storm.

Of such a storm, the travelers had never conceived, and when they saw these benevolent men sallying forth, "Surely," they said, "here is the spirit of the master, who gave himself to seek and to save the lost."

It was impossible to sleep. The howling of the tempest was fearful, and towards morning one of the dogs came in, following two of the monks, who were carrying a man found by Leo, buried in the snow. He was still alive, and after proper remedies was entirely restored.

It was a hunter, who had lost his way, and who thus had been found by the benevolent monks of St. Bernard.

"What is to be done?" said Mrs.

Hazleton; "it is impossible to travel after such a storm."

"You must wait a few days," said Father Anselm; "we will go out, and help to make a road, but it would be dangerous now."

May looked distressed. "What will papa think?"

"The people below know all about these mountains, and will comfort him, and beside all this, there may be storms up here, and none whatever below."

On the next day, a large number of the monks sallied out with large wooden spades, and commenced the work of throwing aside the banks of snow.

For two days, the work continued, and at length, it was pronounced possible to travel.

Father Anselm, who knew the way, offered to accompany them until they reached a place of safety.

After many thanks to the kind occupants of the Hospice, and donations for lost travelers, the visitors started, first having obtained all the information possible concerning little Henry, for Mrs. Hazleton was strongly inclined to believe that he might yet be restored to his mother.

Many a floundering step did the poor mules have to take among the snow-drifts, but so much confidence did all repose in the knowledge and kindness of Father Anselm, that they learned at length to laugh at these adventures, clad as they were in heavy winter attire, and fully protected from the piercing cold. Having reached the snow-boundary, the good monk

assured them that there was no more danger, and bade them "God speed" on their way.

It had been a thrilling adventure, and when they found themselves once more in the region of green verdure and shepherds' huts, the whole company felt very much like clapping their hands with joy.

They had learned "Le Ranz des Vaches," and in sight of their Swiss home, merrily did they all join in singing this inspiring mountaineer's song.

In sight of the parsonage, May perceived that Mr. St. Felix and her father had been attracted by the music, and were both ready to welcome them home.

"God be thanked!" said Mr. Castleton, as he folded May in his arms,

"Where have you been so long, my daughter?" And May, hastening into the parsonage, related the adventures of the last few days.

"We must send them something for weary travelers," said her father; "theirs is a noble work."

"That is just what I thought would be proper," said Mrs. Hazleton.

"I will see that it reaches them safely," said the pastor, "for I have sent such contributions before."

Taking leave of the pastor, May and her father returned to the cottage, where they were welcomed warmly by John and Babette.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE FLOCK.

THEY are the same all the world over, the path of loveliness, devotion, and love, and here, in this quiet Swiss village, May had found God's dear people, so separated from the world in this sweet seclusion, that she often felt as if she could spend years, instead of months in this mountain home. She had read in her Sunday-school library books, of the faith and love of Oberlin and Neff, and here, in this humble village, she was conversant daily with a lovely representation of those good and holy men.

It was a growing time for our young Christian; shut out so wholly from the gay world, and under the care of such a shepherd.

Always busy among his flock, Pastor St. Felix is either visiting in their lowly cottages, by their sick-beds, among the dying, or in the hours of social intercourse obtaining intimate acquaintance with his people, that in the Sabbath services, he may aim a sure mark at what he has seen of their daily life.

Schools among the poor, missions among the more distant mountaineers, little societies where each one has his own field of labor, his parish resembled a busy hive where there were no drones.

One of the most active and devoted was his daughter, Clemence.

"Always busy!" said Mrs. Hazleton, as she stepped into her little kitchen, where Clemence was actively engaged over the fire. "What are you doing now?"

"I am making some gruel for neighbor Lescure; she is very sick, and has no one near her but her little children, so I make her a bowl every morning; and then here is some soup for old Lezitte, and some for Margot, two very old women, who come twice a week."

"Can't I help you sometimes, Clemence? I saw you making some little garments yesterday, and as you have no young sisters, I suppose that they are for the poor."

"You are very good, Madam," answered Clemence, "and I gladly accept

of your offer, for I have a large quantity to make for our little orphans."

"Where do they live, Clemence?"

"About a mile from here, Madam; papa has a home for such poor children, and it is quite a wonder to see how it is supported; sometimes we wonder where the food and clothing are to come from, when suddenly, there will be a large supply, for the neighboring villages are all interested."

Mrs. Hazleton and Ellen were ashamed to spend so much time in mere wandering among wild scenery, and they both set to work earnestly to help Clemence in her good works. Thus the benevolent spirit of the parsonage was reacting upon the strangers tarrying at the board.

"Where did you learn how to do so

many things, Clemence?" asked Mrs. Hazleton.

"I had one of the best of mothers," was the answer. "From my earliest years, she taught me to be useful; she was a real wife to my dear father, and I try as much as I can to follow her blessed example."

"How long since you lost her, Clemence?"

"About three years, Madam; the house has never been the same since; but we know that she is among the blessed ones, and we are sure, if we are faithful, that we shall go to her."

"Is that her likeness, Clemence?" asked the lady, pointing to a picture hanging upon the wall.

"Yes, Madam, and it is an excellent likeness; it was painted by a young

artist, who stayed with us one summer."

Mrs. Hazleton looked admiringly at the saintly face, for there were traits of holy, heavenly meekness in every speaking feature.

There was one member of the family, who had often excited Mrs. Hazleton's curiosity; a little girl named Marie, aged about thirteen. She was not a relative, but the attachment which she manifested towards Clemence and her father, often interested the lady, so that one day, she inquired who she was.

"Hers is a sad story," replied the young girl; "about two years ago, there happened one of those dreadful calamities so destructive among our villages. About two miles from here, there was the village of St. L——,

lying at the foot of one of the highest mountains; there had been tremendous falls of snow, in the winter previous, and in the spring, there were indications of an approaching avalanche. Some of the inhabitants took warning, and departed in time; others having no means of leaving, remained, and in the night, the fearful avalanche descended, burying nearly the whole village beneath its crushing weight."

"It seems very foolish that any should have remained, who had the warning."

"Yes, Madam; so it seems to you, but they were a very poor people; the most of them Roman Catholics, and they could do nothing else. Papa heard of the calamity, and went over directly to the scene of distress. A number were taken out alive, but very

much injured; among them was this poor desolate child, Marie Lamar. She had no parents, no relatives, no friends. She clung to papa, who aided in getting her out of the ruined hut; he brought her home, and said, 'Clemence, do you want a sister?' What could I do, Madam, but just open my heart and take her in? and that is what we did, Madam. She was a very devoted little Romanist when she first came, but that made no difference to papa; he kept Marie, and it was then that he opened the 'Orphans' Home,' where he labored for weeks to provide a shelter for the homeless. Several were the children of Romanists. Marie counted her beads and prayed to the Virgin for the first year, but she has found out that there is but one Medi-

ator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, and in him she trusts."

"She seems so very fond of your papa, Clemence."

"Yes; Marie is a loving little child, and a very great help to me in many of my plans."

"Well, Clemence! I shall learn some good lessons here among you, I am sure, you are all so earnest and active in doing good."

Very improving were the conversations often held by the good pastor with his guests. He was one of those bright spirits, whose cheerful piety looked forward to the glorious future with undoubting faith, and Mrs. Hazleton used to listen to his pictures of Millenial blessedness, with equal wonder and delight, for it was a subject

on which she had seldom thought before.

"Do you really expect this earth to be the scene of the Saviour's triumphs?" asked the lady.

"Undoubtedly, my dear Madam; here where he has suffered such ignominy, will he come to reign; for do not the Scriptures say that 'in like manner as the disciples saw him ascend, so shall he descend to this earth?'"

"Do you suppose that we shall see him, Mr. St. Felix?"

"Yes! every eye shall see him, and they who pierced him, shall wail because of him."

"Do you ever dread his coming?" continued the lady.

Mr. St. Felix smiled, as he replied, "Dread the coming of my best

friend? Oh, no! I look and long for his appearing, for only that will right all the wrong in this sin-cursed world."

Mrs. Hazleton mused seriously on all that she saw and heard among these earnest, simple-hearted Christians; she will not easily forget the precious teachings of this humble parsonage. Ellen often contrasted her fruitless life with the earnest working of Clemence St. Felix; and Henry, too, was beginning to take new views of life and its responsibilities.

May has been on a visit to the parsonage, for Mr. Castleton is much more willing to spare her now than formerly. They are to have an early tea, and Clemence, Henry and Ellen are to accompany her home. The good pastor has been standing in the

balcony for some minutes, and coming into the family-room, he says,

"My children, we shall have a storm; the clouds are very heavy, and I think it will be severe."

He proved a true prophet, for in less than an hour, the rain descended in torrents, lightning flashed, and thunder roared echoing from mountain to mountain in long-continued reverberations. It lasted for about two hours, when the pastor, coming in, said,

"Come here, May, I have something to show you," and leading her out to the balcony, from which there was a full view of the majestic mountains, he pointed to a splendid rainbow arching the heavens just before them.

"Do you know, May, of what the rainbow reminds me most?"

"I have heard it spoken of in many ways, sir; I do not know to which you now allude."

"It is like the church of our Redeemer, my child."

"How is that, Mr. St. Felix?"

"It is composed of many distinct colors, you see, but all come from one pure ray of light; indeed, the lovely hues are actually but one."

May's face brightened as she caught the beautiful idea.

"Twin colors, but one ray," she replied; "some are like the glowing crimson; I suppose that must be like those who are fond of imposing ceremonies; some are like fresh, living green, that must be such as are formed for action, for green is so refreshing; some are like the orange ray, I suppose that must be the martyrs; some are

like the sober indigo, deep, thoughtful, meditative, like the old Puritans, some clear heavenly blue, that must embrace all who are nearest heaven; and some primitive, modest violet, I suppose that must be those who are all spirit, and no form,—but I have no likeness for the yellow."

The good pastor smiled. "You have caught my idea, my child, but there is more of poetry in it than I had thought. I had just fancied that the colors were like the various sects of the Church of Christ, but all having one common source, divine and holy light. But you are puzzled, May, about the yellow. May it not embrace those hidden ones, known and loved by the great Master, but all unknown to us?"

"But what will the church be in the Millenial days, Mr. St. Felix?"

"It will be a rainbow then, my dear; no prism of human frailty will separate the congregated rays of light, for then the Saviour's prayer will be accomplished—'That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us."

"What will that one be?" inquired May.

"Once more, the unbroken church of the Redeemer, such as existed when the disciples were first called Christians."

"What a blessed day!" said May, her whole face kindling with delight, "but how different now!"

"Yes, my child, but it is sweet to know that all over this earth are to be

found the dear members of that invisible spiritual church, in every denomination. Wherever the spirit of the Master dwells, there is one of that holy communion."

"I never think of sects in this dear valley," said May; "there is so much of harmony and love, that it seems in the little church, as if I were really in that upper room in Jerusalem, where the first Christians waited for the descent of the Holy Spirit."

"That is what I try to realize all the time, May, for the day is coming when love for the Master will utterly consume our walls of partition."

"I shall never look at the rainbow again," said May, "without thinking of the glory of the church when it will be without spot or blemish, itself a

fountain of light and love, no more to be divided."

"It will be so when the Master comes, my child; let us pray for its spirit now, for if we only have that, in the midst of divisions, we may still feel that we are one with Jesus our Lord."

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But the summer months were passing rapidly, and our travelers began to talk of turning homeward. With that one word "home" came memories of all that was most dear and precious here below.

They could scarcely have believed that so much regret should have mingled with the pleasure of return, after so long an absence; but warm friendships had been formed among these Swiss Christians, and each day the

sadness increased, as they thought it most likely that they should see these Alpine peaks, this placid lake, this peaceful village, the lowly church of the descendants of the Waldenses no more.

Mr. St. Felix had become deeply interested in the master of the mountain cottage; many hours of confidential intercourse had they passed together, and doubtless, in the records of eternity, the fruits of this communion will appear.

The parting evening had come, and all assembled at the parsonage; touching hymns, a faithful pastoral address, a warm, fervent prayer, and the friends bade a tearful, sad, "good night."

Gifts had been exchanged, promises of correspondence made, and the Cas-

tl:tons turned sadly away, to meet once more in the morning, previous to an early departure.

Babette was very tearful on parting with the family, for she had learned to love them all; and since Mr. Castleton had so changed his conduct towards May, she was ready to extend a warm hand to him also.

"You will not forget us," said the worthy pastor, as he saw the last one in the carriage. Clemence and Marie stood on the porch of the parsonage, watching the departing travelers. Strange that beings who had been entire strangers six months before, should feel so much sorrow at separating.

May waved a last farewell, and the carriage drove off, leaving the occupants of the parsonage to tread their

pilgrim way alone, and bearing the foreigners rapidly on their journey homeward.

May glanced sorrowfully at the lovely scenery, for nothing like this romantic country could be seen in the neighborhood of the "Elms." As they passed the village, the church-bells were ringing for some religious service, and May could not but feel that they were chiming at least to her, "Farewell! farewell!"

CHAPTER XIII.

MAY HAS FOUND HER MISSION.

During all their voyage across the Atlantic, the memory of the blessed, peaceful village, with all its sweet associations, were ever present with May; and on many a quiet evening did the chimes of the church-bell come across her memory, reviving the picture of the silver-haired pastor, and his gentle daughter.

Mr. Castleton loved to talk to May about these excellent people, and remarks dropped almost unwittingly showed how deep were the impressions made by the good pastor. One even-

ing, Mr. Castleton called May to sit apart from all the rest, as he had something to communicate.

"Have you not observed, my child, that I have received other letters beside your brother's, in our long absence?"

"Yes, papa; I have sometimes thought that I saw a lady's hand in many of them, but it was not my business to ask."

"That is true, May, and now the time has come when I must give you the history of these letters; you remember your cousin Mary, do you not?"

"Yes, papa, I have always loved her very much."

"Well! my daughter, I have known and loved her from my youth, but circumstances separated us early in

life, and for years we did not meet. Since your mother's death, I have often met your cousin, May, and my affections turn strongly toward the friend of my youth. From her I have received those letters, and on our return, I hope to welcome her to our stricken home."

May listened quietly, and when her father had concluded, she replied,

"If it will promote your happiness, my dear father, I have not a word to say in opposition. I know my duty too well, to dictate to a parent."

"You have been a most devoted and faithful daughter, May; but you have been deprived of many of the enjoyments belonging to youth; a mother would relieve you of many of these cares, and I hope will greatly promote our mutual comfort."

"I shall love her for your sake, dear papa, but do not think that it is any hardship for me to wait upon you. It makes me happy to see what a great improvement there is in you."

"Do you know who has been my best minister, May?"

"Mr. St. Felix, papa, is it not so?"

Mr. Castleton smiled, as he replied, "There was one before him, May; my gentle little daughter has preached many a sermon, that she knew nothing about, to her impatient father."

"I did not mean to preach, papa," replied the daughter.

"The silent preaching of a holy life, May, so full of patient love as yours, has been the most powerful messenger to your father."

Tears filled May's eyes, as, taking her father's hand, she said,

"I am so thankful, papa, for all I need to make me happy, is to see my dear father a Christian."

"You are a good girl, May; if I did not think that your cousin Mary would make you a kind mother, I should never bring her into my house; but I know that she will make you happy."

Taking her father's arm, they returned to the company, and all joined in singing the song of "Sweet Home," with hearts full of expectation, for they were within a few days' sail of their native land.

When the spires of New York really appeared, little Flora was wild with delight. Landing at sun-down, a night's sojourn in the city was a necessity; but by the first train, they started with joyful spirits for their

home. With what eager delight they watched for the first familiar object!

"There! there, papa!" called out May, "is the spire of our own dear church," and as they flew along, object after object crowded upon their vision, filling every heart with unmingled happiness.

As they drew nearer, the sound of the village bells came faintly sounding for some evening service.

May remembered that the bells were ringing when she bade farewell to the "Elms;" joy-bells to some, but sad and touching to the party in the carriage.

Now they rang again—only the ordinary sound of the church-bell summoning the worshippers; but to her, it was the joyful welcome to her dear home: and with it, came thoughts of

her own valued pastor, her children in the Sabbath-school, her childhood's friends, her brother, and even the dumb pets of the household came in for a share in the joy of return.

Papa, too, was so much better, and there was such a softening of his natural asperities, that May was sure a better life was dawning in the heart of her dear parent.

Seated by his side, holding her father's hand, she could not keep back the tears of joy that would fill her eyes as memory was so busy.

"What a blessed return, dear papa!" said his daughter.

"Yes, my child, I trust that it will prove so," was the quiet answer; "we have learned a great deal, May, among those Swiss mountains."

"Yes, papa, the best lessons of my life, I am very sure."

"And mine too, May; you have brought back a new father, I trust, my love."

May affectionately kissed her father's hand, and said, "We shall be a happy family now; but look there, papa! There is dear Miss Warren, sitting at her window," called out May, as she waved her handkerchief out of the car-window, in her innocent joy forgetting that good Miss Warren could not possibly recognize faces in the flying cars; but that made no difference, for May felt very much like waving her hand to the trees, the church-spire, the children by the road-side, and every dear object around the "Elms."

Stopping at the depôt, the carriage was in waiting; and coming in sight

of the "Elms," there stood Mrs. Lisle on the piazza, ready to receive the travelers; but much to their surprise, Edward, too, was there, for they had supposed him still at college.

There was too much of pleasure, however, in the reunion, to ask any questions just now, and Mr. Castleton waited until a late hour before retiring, to make inquiries.

But the question came at last, and Edward hung his head as he replied,

"I have been suspended, papa."

"For what, my son? I hope nothing disgraceful has occurred."

"I did not keep up with my class, papa, and got into two or three college scrapes; that is all; I am only suspended until your return."

"I am really mortified, Edward. You are old enough now to understand

the value of an education; if you go on as you have commenced, you will disgrace your name yet, I fear."

"The fellows all knew that I had plenty of money, and they would drag me into all their scrapes; that is just the truth."

"I begin to think that May was right," said the father; "you have had entirely too much money; if you are ever to be a man, it must be stopped; you can go to your room, sir; I do not wish to say any more to you to-night."

Edward sought his sister in his trouble; after so long an absence, it was a sore trial to have incurred his father's displeasure. He made a full confession of all his follies, and May was glad that it disclosed no more than weakness, and promised to act the part of peace-maker, if Edward would

only turn over an entirely new leaf in his life.

Early next morning, May knocked at her father's room door. "Please let me in, papa, I have something to say to you."

"Come in, daughter," was the reply, as Mr. Castleton opened the door.

"I am so troubled about Edward, papa; it seems so hard that there should be occasion for reproving him, after being separated so long."

"Your brother must be taught a lesson that he will remember, May."

"He has told me all, papa; he seems to feel more deeply humbled than I have ever seen him before, and if you will only forgive him this time, I am sure that he will do better in future."

"Send him up to me, May, I cannot resist your persuasions."

An hour's long and serious conversation passed between the father and son, and May had the happiness to see a perfect reconciliation produced by her good offices.

Sunshine had really entered the "Elms;" the long-closed parlor windows were thrown open, and sunbeams both from within and without, lit up the family mansion, for May and Flora were skipping about everywhere, with their merry voices and glad songs. Bijou was the same bright pet, but Flora was quite disappointed when she found her other plaything, a lamb no more. May revelled among the autumnal flowers, praised Mrs. Lisle's house-keeping, and distributed her gifts among the household of admiring servants.

"Well, John!" said the good lady,

"what has come over Mr. Castleton? he is not the same man at all that he used to be."

"The dear young lady's sweet patience has changed the cross old grumbler into one of the kindest of fathers and masters."

"I don't wonder, John, for many a tear have I shed alone, when I saw how he wounded that poor dear child."

"While we were in Switzerland, there was a good minister, Mr. St. Felix, who used to visit master two or three times a week; they were very great friends, and I do believe that Mr. Castleton is trying to be a real Christian, Mrs. Lisle; I have not heard him swear one oath for months."

In the course of the evening, Miss Warren called, and May had many

questions to ask about the Sunday-scholars, and her poor people.

"I shall be able to do a great deal more, Miss Warren, for papa is going to bring home a new mother, and then I shall have a great deal more leisure."

"That will be delightful, May, for you can engage in these good works without neglecting home duties; then you have been faithful in your heaven-appointed mission, my dear; now you may cultivate a larger field."

May's patience was often tried by brother Edward's teasing propensities, for it was still his delight to play tricks upon his sisters; and many a practical joke was good-naturedly endured by sister May, as she reasoned, "this is only the exuberance of young spirits; I can very well endure it, if

Edward only learns at last to turn all his vivacity and energy into useful channels."

She indulged many bright hopes for her brother, for he often sought opportunities when laying aside his frivolity, he would talk for an hour at a time about the future; showing that earnest thought was beginning its work in Edward's young heart. By degrees, she persuaded him to give up his Sunday rides, his unprofitable companions, and at last, with good resolutions, she had the happiness of seeing him drive off with papa to college, full of newly dawning plans.

"Don't be afraid, May," were his last words; "I am resolved to break off with all my old companions, and to begin my studies in earnest; I am

sixteen now, and have played my fun out; good bye, dear sister."

When Mr. Castleton returned, May was made happy by hearing his account of Edward's hopeful state of mind; she kept up a faithful correspondence with him that strengthened him in his good resolutions.

In a few weeks, her father departed to bring home his bride. Mrs. Lisle was not very well pleased with the idea of a new mistress; but May succeeded in reconciling her to the change, by describing all that she knew of Cousin Mary. She busied herself in arranging everything as neatly as possible, especially her father's room. When the day fixed for their return arrived, fresh flowers in the vases on the toilet-table, and a new set of toilet and dressing-table mats indicated the

tasteful hand, that had left her pretty gifts of love to welcome her parents.

Towards evening, the carriage drove up, and May and Flora were awaiting their coming,

When the door opened, a very pleasant lady, past the days of youth, descended, and folding May in her arms, said,

"I am prepared to love you, not only for your father's sake, but for your own, my child," and kissing timid little Flora, who stood by, they entered the house, where Mrs. Lisle and the servants stood waiting to receive their mistress in the hall.

They were well-pleased with the kind, loving face of the new lady, and all day long, their talk was about the new reign at the "Elms." May soon found that she could love good Cousin

Mary, for she was all that could be desired in one who was to fill to her a mother's place.

"I have heard all about your loving patience, dear May," said the good lady, "and now that you are to be so much relieved of your attendance upon your father, you can follow the bent of your own inclinations, in your choice of a field where to labor for your Master."

"I have learned, dear mamma, in this home mission, to cross my will many a time, and that I may serve God as faithfully here as out of doors. I would not give up this year's experience on any account."

"You have been a great blessing to your father, May, and he fully appreciates all your patient love."

"I trust that I shall never forget

my duty as a daughter and sister, mamma; home is woman's province, and although I am very glad to have some one to share these cares, I shall never forget these dear relatives for any duty beyond the 'Elms.'"

Henry soon took his departure for the metropolis, for life was now to commence in earnest with the young man.

"You will not forget your cousin, May," was one of his last injunctions, "it will be so stupid in New York, without the society around the 'Elms.'"

"I will try to be a faithful friend, Henry, but you must learn to bear patiently with some very sober letters."

"Just write one every week, May, and I think you will find me a most

patient reader; I shall run down about once a month, and then I shall always expect a good share of your time, and some of your sweetest music; by the way, May, how do you like your new step-mother?"

"Very much indeed, Henry; she is a most excellent person, devoted to papa, kind and loving to both of us."

"If she could be anything else to you, May, she would not deserve the name of woman; but good bye, cousin, send me plenty of letters, full of sermons if you please, only send letters."

May had learned that she need not go to India or China to find a mission; for here, in the quiet seclusion of her home, like the gentle dew, her sweet ministry of long-suffering, patient love had penetrated the heart of her dear father, and brought him to a Saviour's

feet. She often went back to the time when in the warmth of youthful discipleship, she longed to follow the footsteps of Esther Wingate, in her mission to a foreign land, but she now remembered that this lady had left no invalid father, or orphan brother and sister beneath the domestic roof, and watching the guiding finger of Providence, she had followed where it led her, and May Castleton was blessed—blessed as a loving, faithful daughter, as a gentle, patient sister, and more in addition, as permitted to minister in a somewhat broader field; May Castleton will always be blessed, so long as she exercises the lovely grace which is ever long-suffering and kind.

The next Sunday after her return, May presented herself at the Bible-

class, where Miss Warren still guided the footsteps of the young.

"Welcome, my dear child," said the lady; "why, May, you have really grown to be a woman."

The young girl smiled, as she replied,

"In more ways than one, I hope, Miss Warren. I have been among such excellent people, and have learned so much of the sweetness of true piety, that I feel my sojourn in a strange land has been an unspeakable blessing."

"You can come among us now, dear, I hope as a laborer," continued Miss Warren.

"I trust so, my dear friend; papa wishes me to please myself in this particular, and I shall want my little class back again."

"You will find them under the care of Julia Howe," continued her friend. And May proceeded to the large room where the principal school was assembled. Several eager faces of children standing upon their feet, directed her to the place where she would find them.

The girls had grown very much in her absence, but the outstretched hands, and beaming faces told her how welcome she was to her young friends.

"You are coming back, Miss May, aren't you?" said Lizzie Reynolds, the oldest of the class.

"Yes, children, I shall be here next Sunday," was the quick reply, "and I shall have a great deal to tell you about the little girls that I have seen in other lands."

Accordingly, in her accustomed seat,

we behold May next Sunday, with the added experience of many trials, to aid her in the blessed work.

And why is it that she is so successful in winning her way to youthful hearts? Simply that in her looks and words are pictured the sweetness of that "charity which suffereth long and is kind."

THE END.